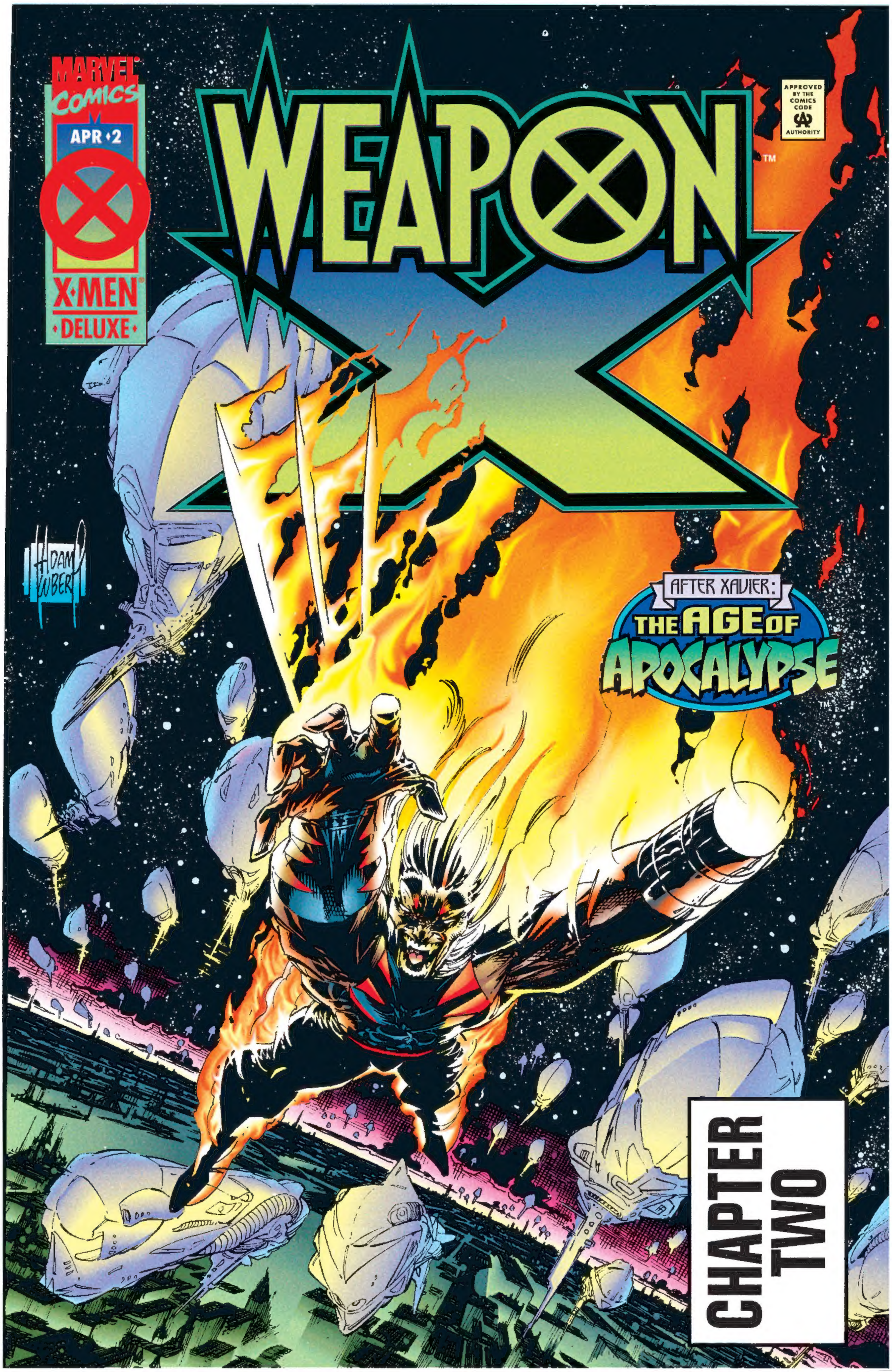

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STAN LEE PRESENTS: A WORLD WITHOUT XAVIER

FIRE IN THE SKY!

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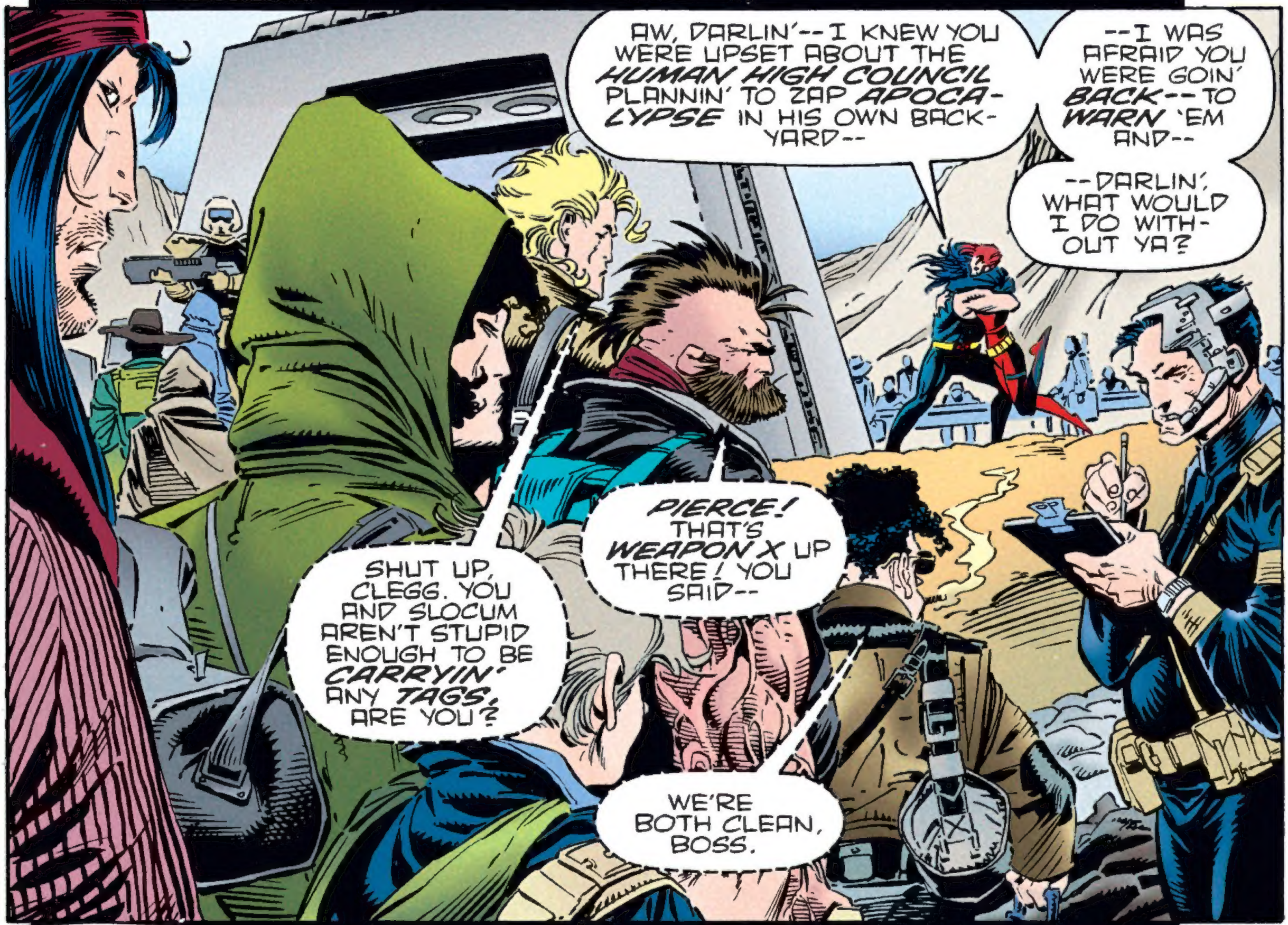
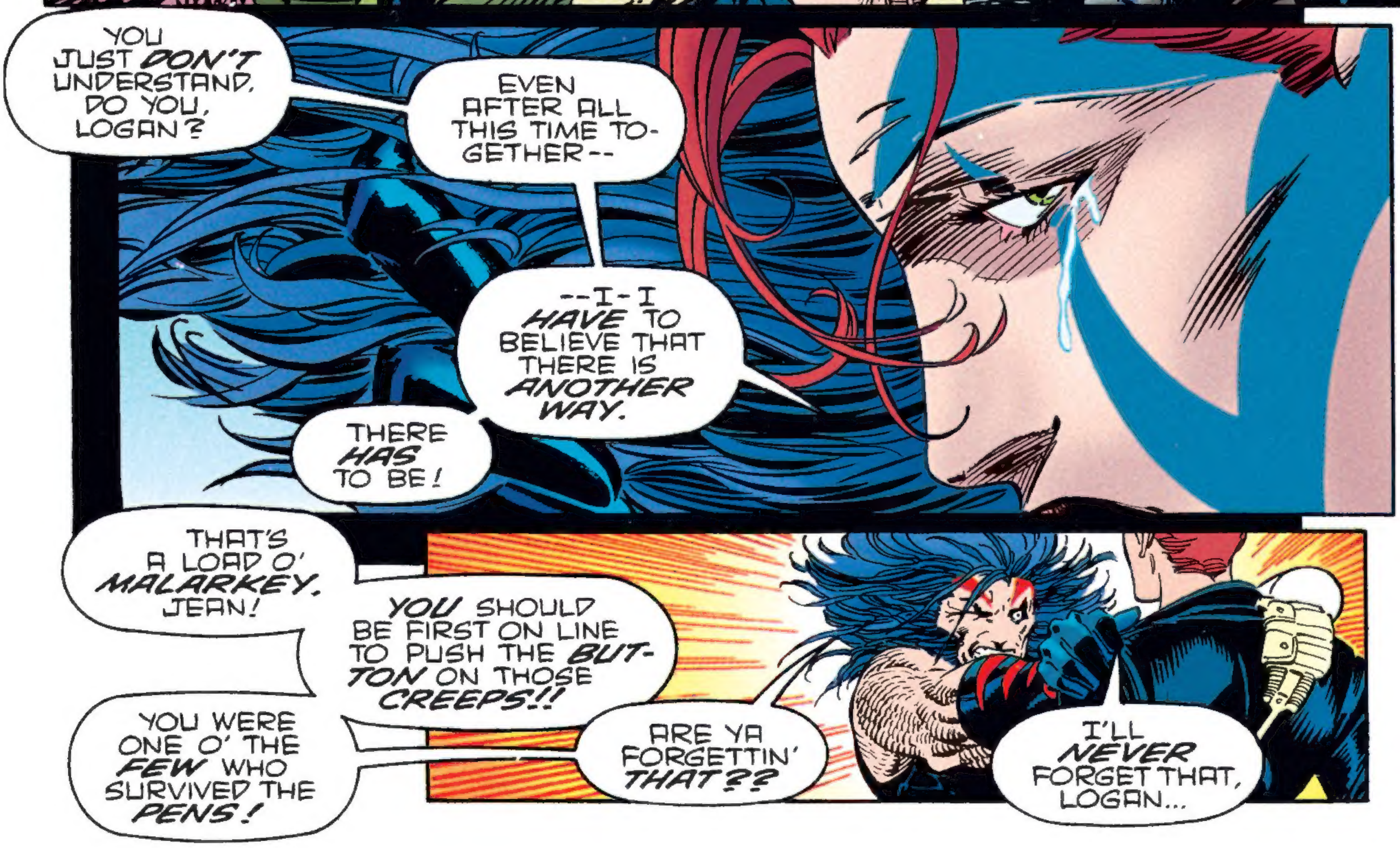
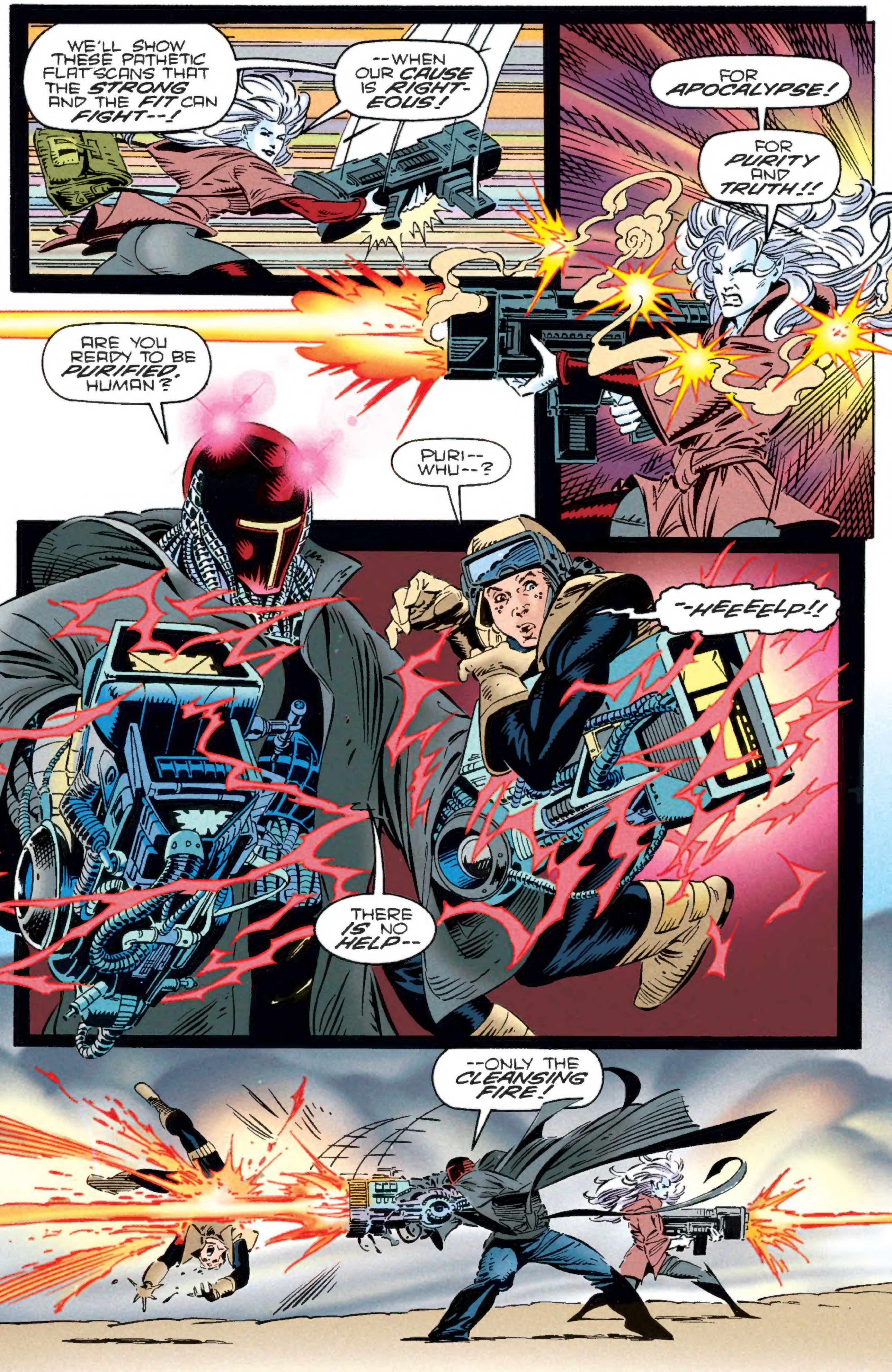
--THE DROP-OFF POINT O' THE GREAT SENTINEL AIRLIFT.
THE LARGEST AIR ARMADA EVER ASSEMBLED--
--DEFYIN' ALL ODDS TO FLY THROUGH THE GAP ME AN' JEAN KNOCKED OUT O' APOCALYPSE'S ATLANTIC SEA WALL DEFENSES--
--TO FERRY OUT THE HUMANS TRAPPED IN NORAM.*
JEAN!!
WELCOME TO UNITED EUROPE--
...YOU'VE PASSED THE MUTANT/WEAPONS SCANNER AND YOU ARE ELIGIBLE FOR RE-LOCATION UNDER THE DISPLACED HUMANS ACT.
*FOR THE STORY OF THE SENTINELS, SEE AMAZING X-MEN 1 & 2 --Bob.

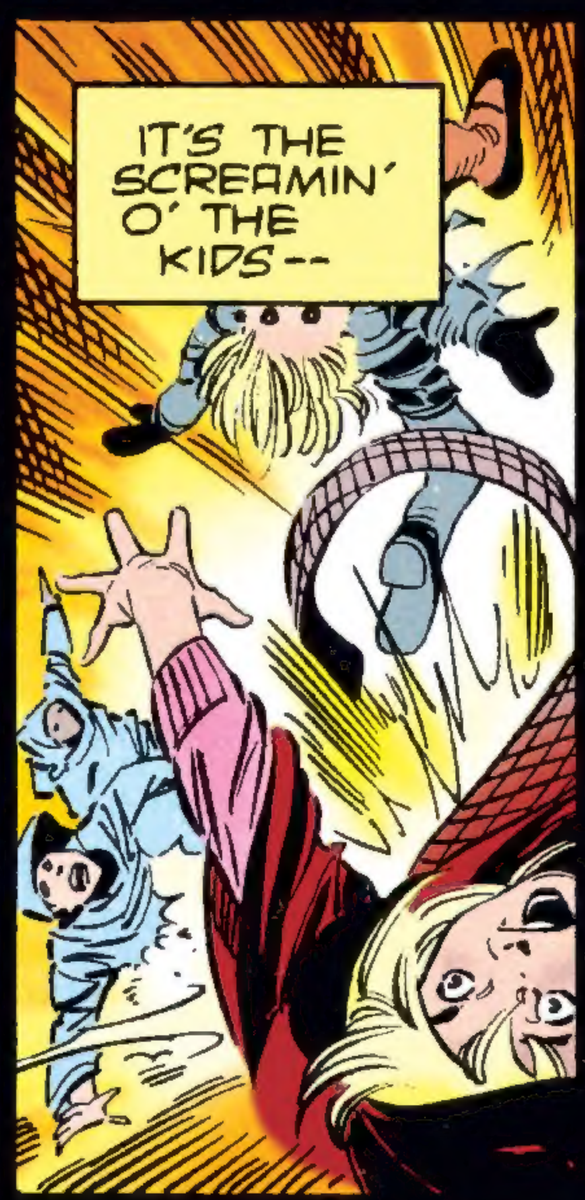
JEAN!
I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' HIGH AN' LOW FOR YA!
I THOUGHT--
I KNOW, LOGAN, BUT I JUST HAD TO COME AND HELP OUT...

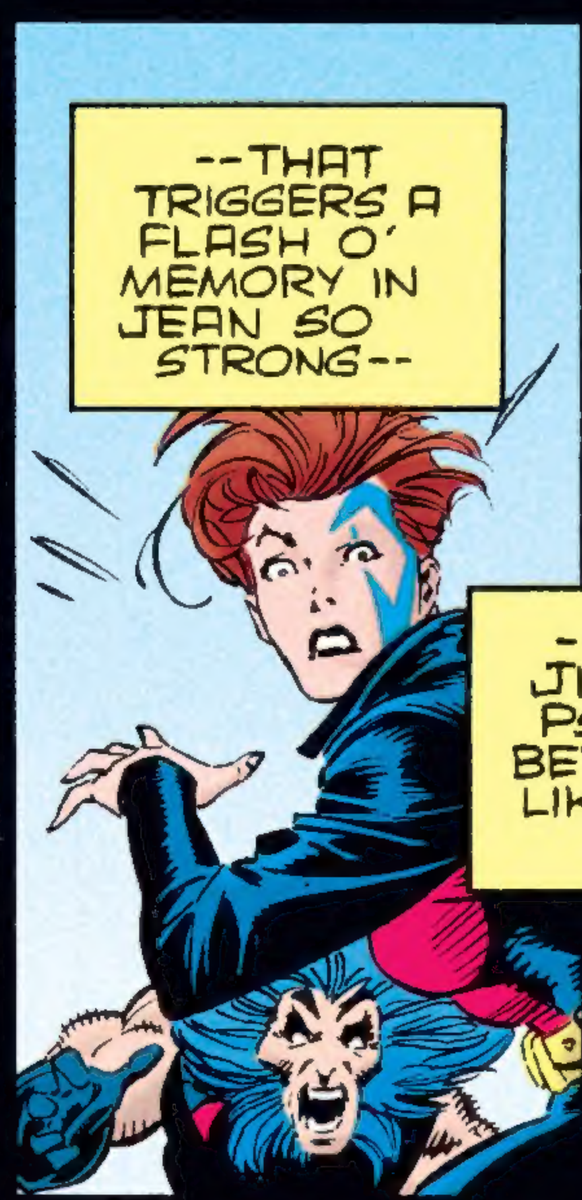

AW, DARLIN'--I KNEW YOU WERE UPSET ABOUT THE HUMAN HIGH COUNCIL PLANNIN' TO ZAP APOCALYPSE IN HIS OWN BACKYARD--
--I WAS AFRAID YOU WERE GOIN' BACK--TO WARN 'EM AND--
--DARLIN', WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YA?
PIERCE! THAT'S WEAPON X UP THERE! YOU SAID--
SHUT UP, CLEGG. YOU AND SLOCUM AREN'T STUPID ENOUGH TO BE CARRYIN' ANY TAGS, ARE YOU?
WE'RE BOTH CLEAN, BOSS.


YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU, LOGAN?
EVEN AFTER ALL THIS TIME TOGETHER--
--I-I HAVE TO BELIEVE THAT THERE IS ANOTHER WAY.
THERE HAS TO BE!
THAT'S A LOAD O' MALARKEY, JEAN!
YOU SHOULD BE FIRST ON LINE TO PUSH THE BUTTON ON THOSE CREEPS!!
YOU WERE ONE O' THE FEW WHO SURVIVED THE PENS!
ARE YA FORGETTIN' THAT??
I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT, LOGAN...

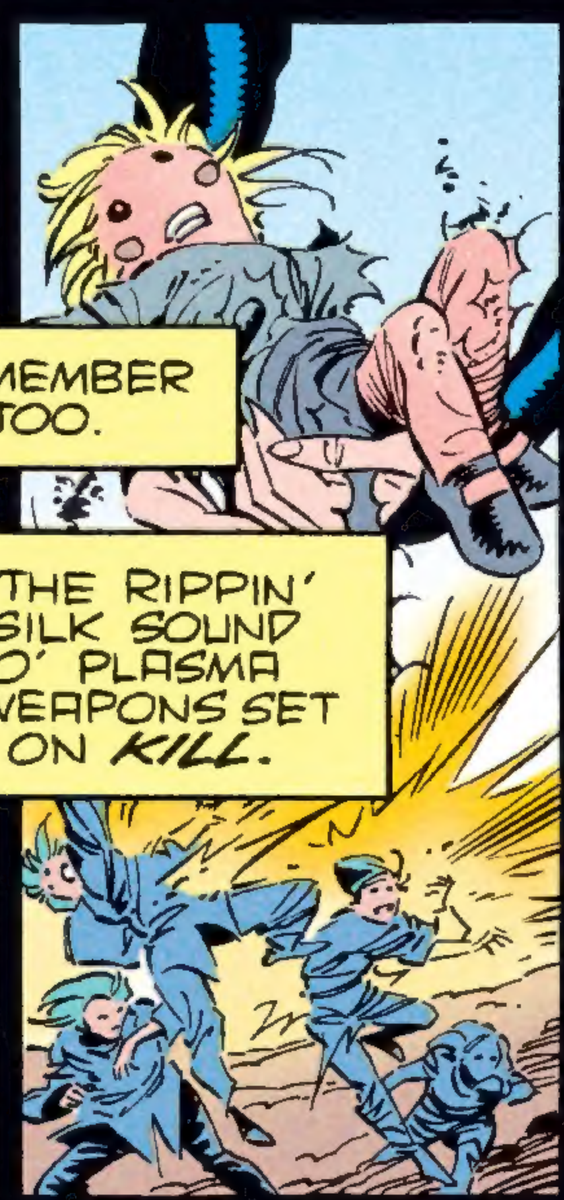
AWOOGA! AWOOGA!
WEAPON AT SCANNER #3!!!
NOT A TWITCH NOR A BLINK, MATE--
I'M PATTING HIM DOWN BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE PACKING--
IT'S JEFFRIES! HIM AND THAT SHAPE-SHIFTER VANESSA--
--THEY JOINED THE 'LIFT IN MAINE.* SHOULD WE --?
STAY OUT OF IT. WE CAN USE THIS AS COVER...
...WHICH IS PROBABLY ALL IT WAS INTENDED TO BE.
HE'S DOIN' HIS TECHNO-LOGICAL TELEPATH THING!
YOU'VE ALREADY FOUND THE WEAPON, FOOL--
*AMAZING X-MEN #2!
--THE WEAPON IS ME!
GO FOR IT, BOX!
BACK ME UP, COPYCAT!

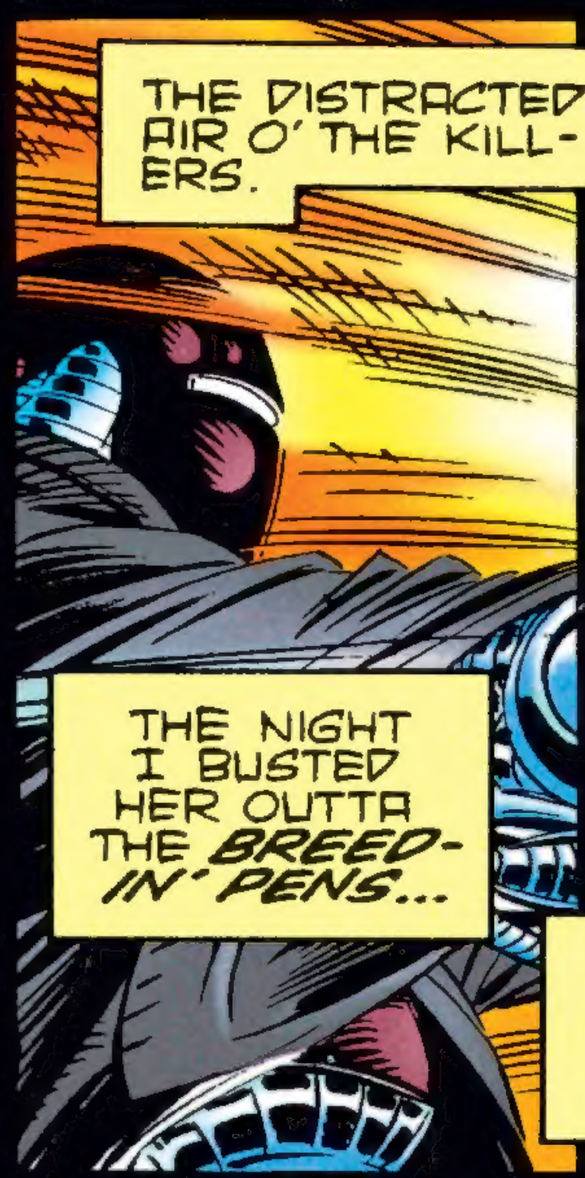

WE'LL SHOW THESE PATHETIC FLAT SCANS THAT THE STRONG AND THE FIT CAN FIGHT--!
--WHEN OUR CAUSE IS RIGHT-EOUS!
FOR APOCALYPSE!
FOR PURITY AND TRUTH!!
ARE YOU READY TO BE PURIFIED, HUMAN?
PURI-- WHU--?
--HEEEELP!!
THERE IS NO HELP--
--ONLY THE CLEANSING FIRE!


IT'S THE SCREAMIN' O' THE KIDS--


--THAT TRIGGERS A FLASH O' MEMORY IN JEAN SO STRONG--

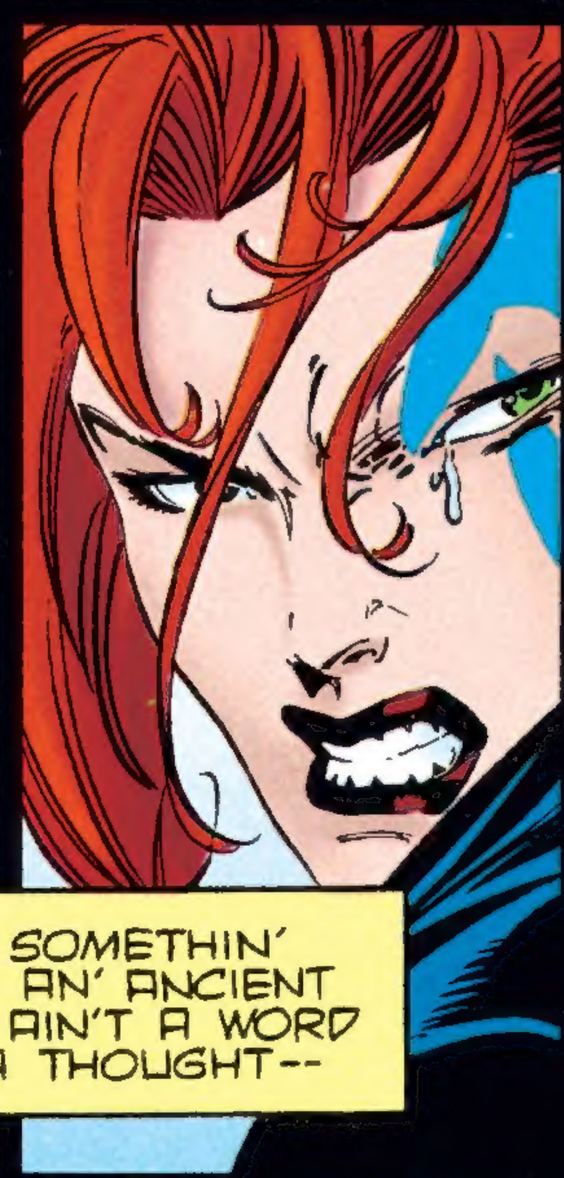
--THAT IT JUMPS THE PSI-LINK BETWEEN US LIKE A SPARK GAP.

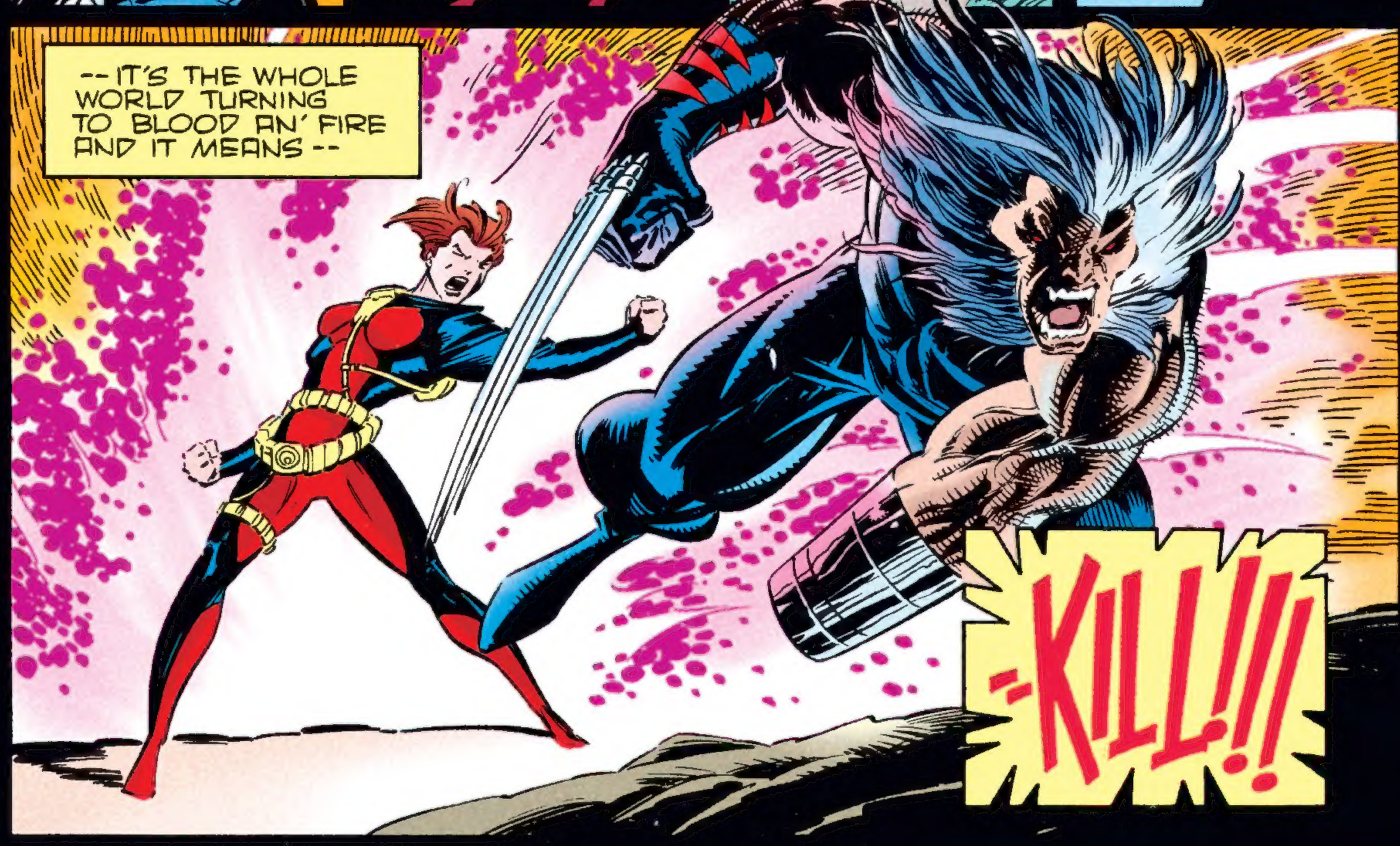

I REMEMBER IT TOO.
THE RIPPIN' SILK SOUND O' PLASMA WEAPONS SET ON *KILL*.

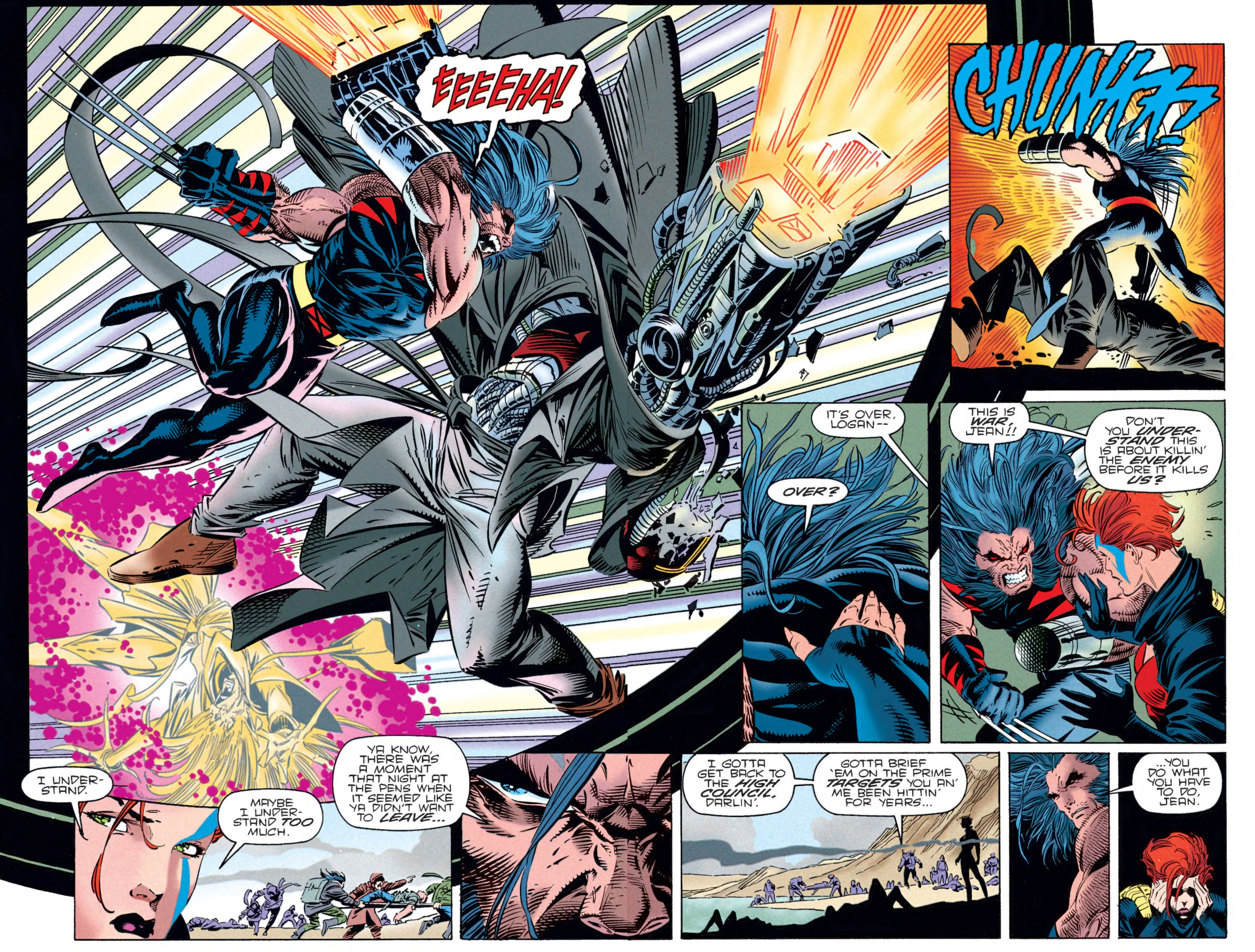

THE DISTRACTED AIR O' THE KILL-ERS.
THE NIGHT I BUSTED HER OUTTA THE *BREED-IN' PENS*...

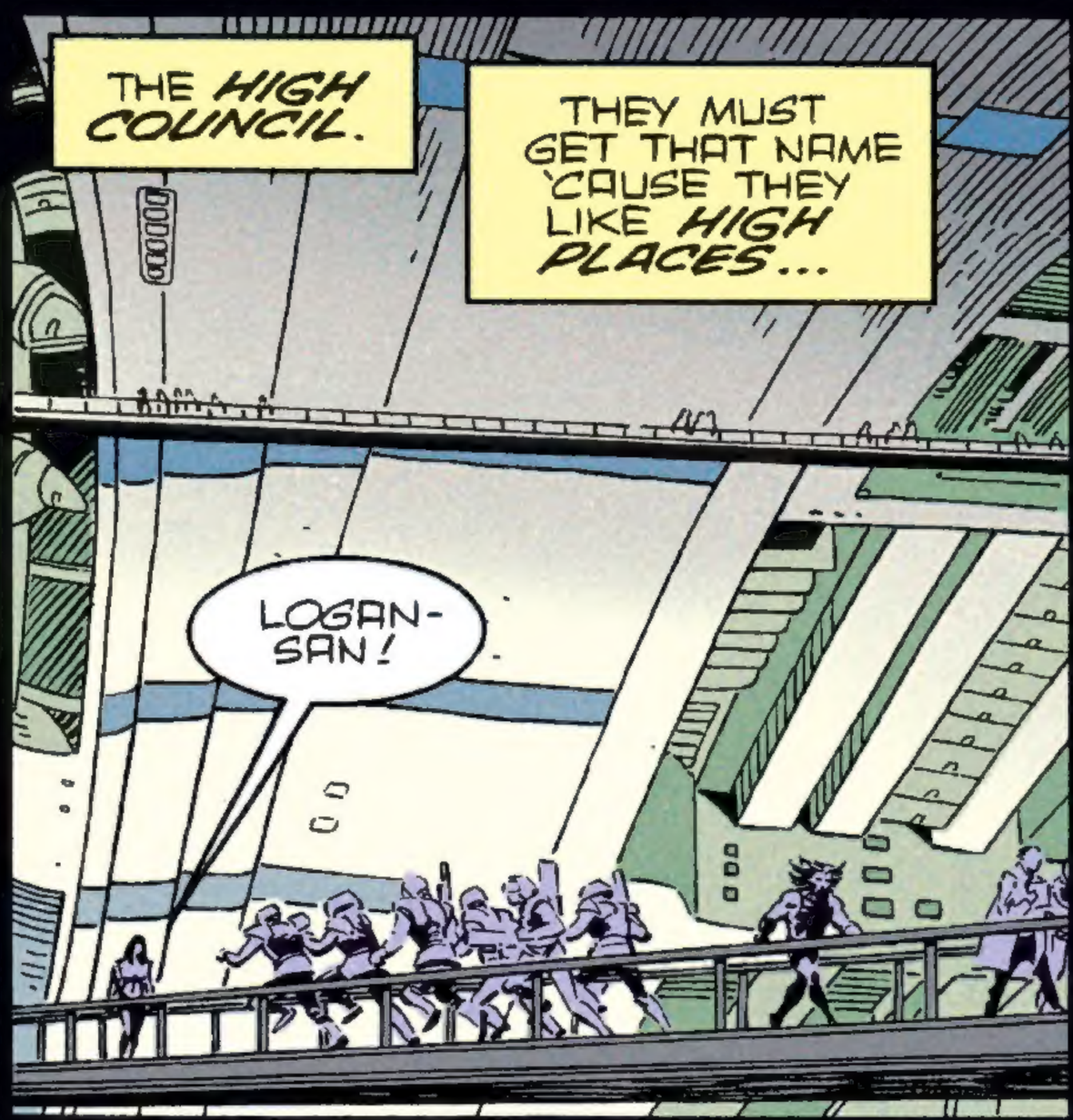
...THE *DOG SOLDIERS* WERE USIN' THE *RE-JECTS* FOR TARGET PRACTICE.

HER PSI-LINK BURNS THROUGH THE AIR AT ME LIKE BLUE LIGHT-NING...


...IT'S SOMETHIN' DEEP AN' ANCIENT THAT AIN'T A WORD OR A THOUGHT--


--IT'S THE WHOLE WORLD TURNING TO BLOOD AN' FIRE AND IT MEANS --
-KILL!!!


EEEHA!
CHUNK!
IT'S OVER, LOGAN--
OVER?
THIS IS WAR, JEAN!!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THIS IS ABOUT KILLIN' THE ENEMY BEFORE IT KILLS US?
I UNDERSTAND.
MAYBE I UNDERSTAND TOO MUCH.
YA KNOW, THERE WAS A MOMENT THAT NIGHT AT THE PENS WHEN IT SEEMED LIKE YA DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE...
I GOTTA GET BACK TO THE HIGH COUNCIL, DARLIN'.
GOTTA BRIEF 'EM ON THE PRIME TARGETS YOU AN' ME BEEN HITTIN' FOR YEARS...
...YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO, JEAN.

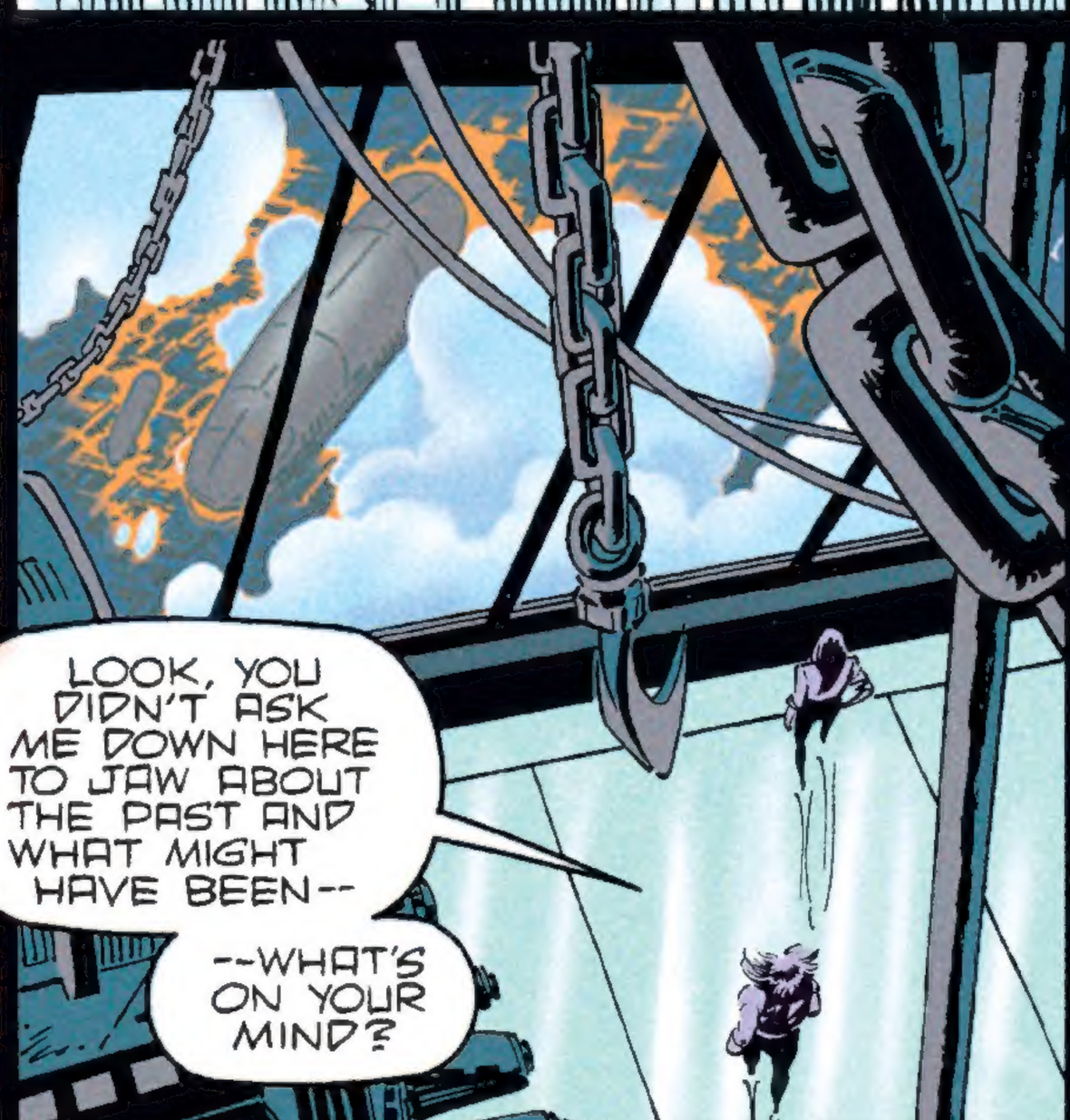

THE HIGH COUNCIL.
THEY MUST GET THAT NAME 'CAUSE THEY LIKE HIGH PLACES...
LOGAN-SAN!

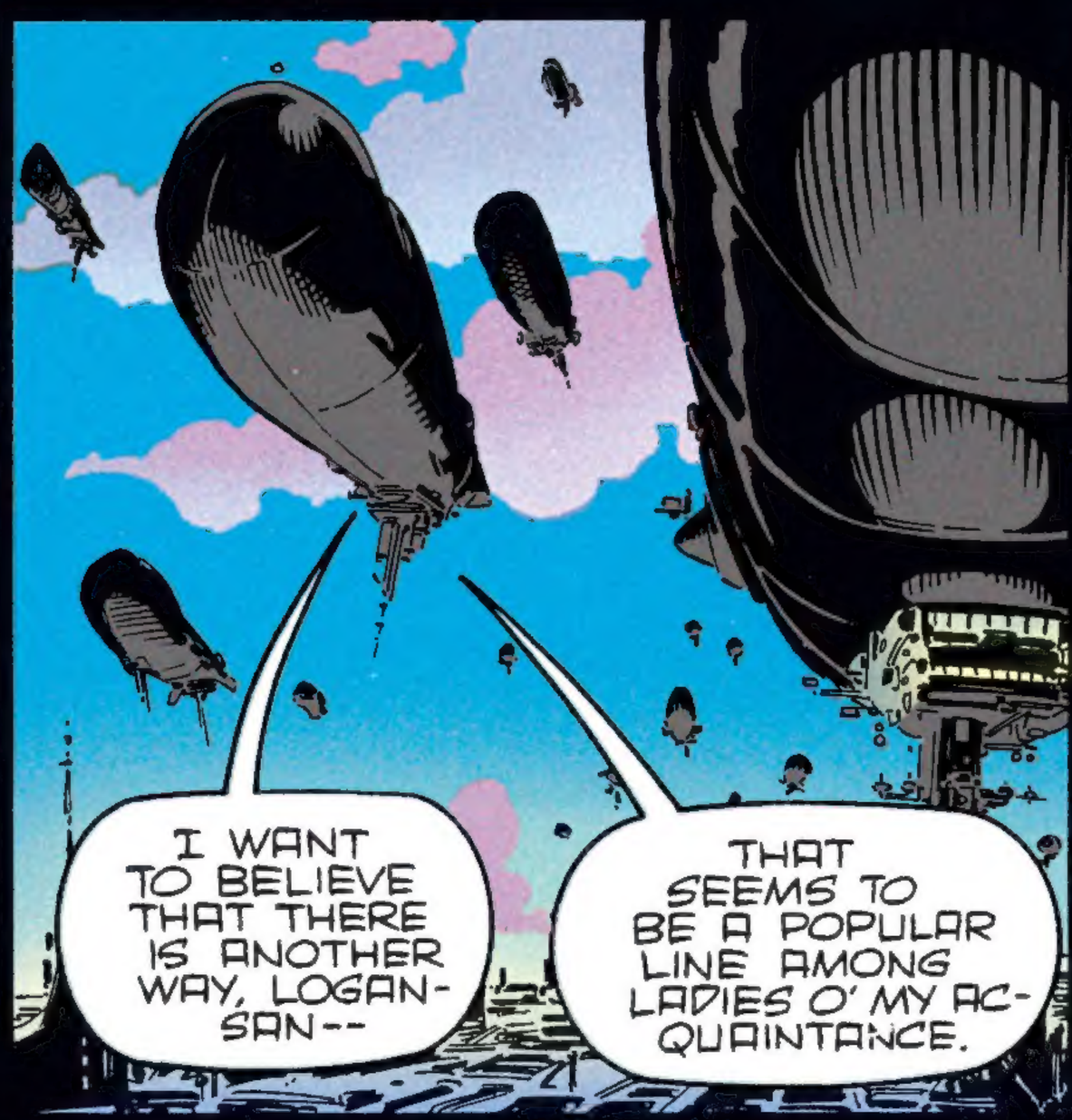
YEAH?

COULD I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU BEFORE YOU BRIEF THE OTHER COUNCIL MEMBERS?
ANYTHING YOU SAY, LADY MARIKO.
...IN PRI-VATE?

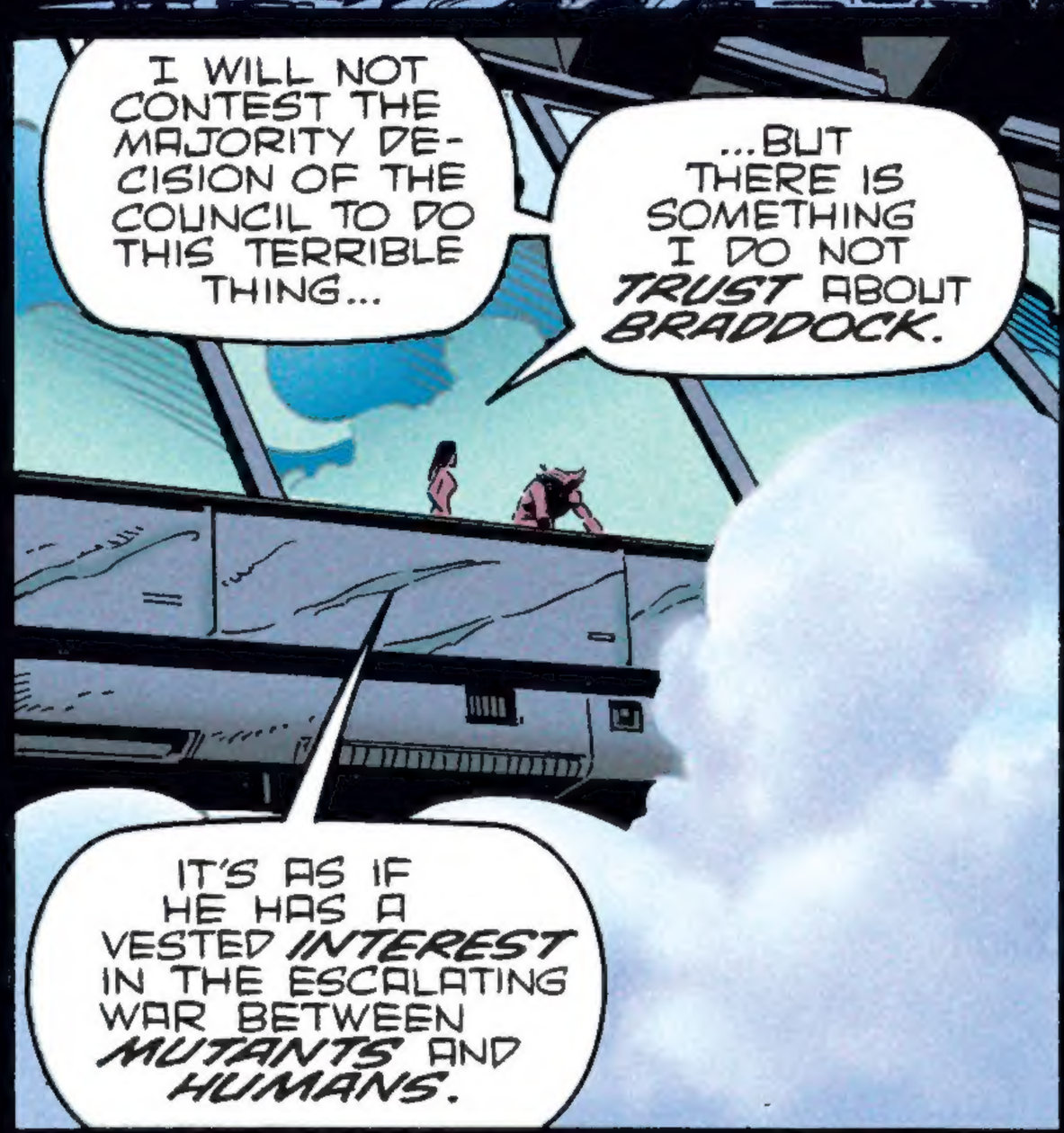
YOU NEEDN'T BE SO FORMAL, LOGAN-SAN. YOU CALLED ME MARI WHEN I KNEW YOU IN JAPAN.
THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO AND YOU WERE JUST A KID.
A TEEN-AGER, REALLY.

BUT YOUR BUSINESS WAS WITH MY FATHER --SHINGEN...
STILL, PERHAPS THINGS COULD HAVE BEEN QUITE DIFFERENT IF --


LOOK, YOU DIDN'T ASK ME DOWN HERE TO JAW ABOUT THE PAST AND WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN--
--WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?


I WANT TO BELIEVE THAT THERE IS ANOTHER WAY, LOGAN-SAN--
THAT SEEMS TO BE A POPULAR LINE AMONG LADIES O' MY ACQUAINTANCE.

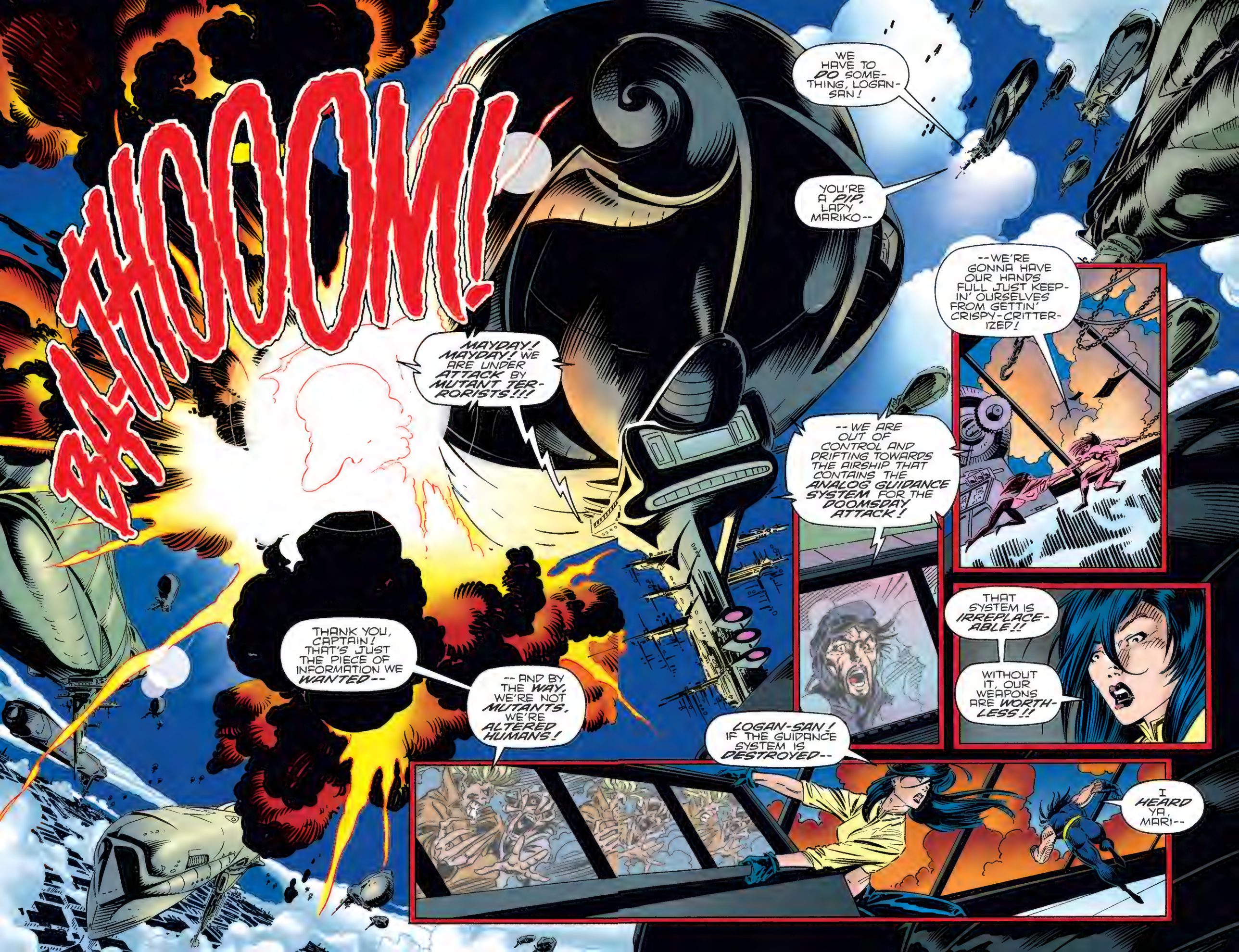
PARDON--?
NOTHIN'. YOU WERE SAYIN'?


I WILL NOT CONTEST THE MAJORITY DECISION OF THE COUNCIL TO DO THIS TERRIBLE THING...
...BUT THERE IS SOMETHING I DO NOT TRUST ABOUT BRADDOCK.
IT'S AS IF HE HAS A VESTED INTEREST IN THE ESCALATING WAR BETWEEN MUTANTS AND HUMANS.

OF COURSE HE DOES!
BRADDOCK INDUSTRIES MANUFACTURES THE SENTINELS!
HE'S ONE O' THE MOST IMPORTANT HUMANS ON THE FACE O' THE EARTH!

I WISH I COULD BELIEVE IN THE PURITY OF HIS INTENTIONS--

--AH!


KHOOOM!
MAYDAY! MAYDAY! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK BY MUTANT TERRORISTS!!!
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN! THAT'S JUST THE PIECE OF INFORMATION WE WANTED--
-- AND BY THE WAY, WE'RE NOT MUTANTS, WE'RE ALTERED HUMANS!
WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING, LOGAN-SAN!
YOU'RE A PIP, LADY MARIKO--
-- WE'RE GONNA HAVE OUR HANDS FULL JUST KEEPIN' OURSELVES FROM GETTIN' CRISPY-CRITTERIZED!
-- WE ARE OUT OF CONTROL AND DRIFTING TOWARDS THE AIRSHIP THAT CONTAINS THE ANALOG GUIDANCE SYSTEM FOR THE DOOMSDAY ATTACK!
THAT SYSTEM IS IRREPLACEABLE!!
WITHOUT IT, OUR WEAPONS ARE WORTHLESS!!
LOGAN-SAN! IF THE GUIDANCE SYSTEM IS DESTROYED--
I HEARD YA, MARI--

I MUST BE LOSIN' IT.

LIKE IT JUST SLIPPED OUT O' MY HEART.

I CALLED HER *MARI*.

GOTTA BE LOSIN' IT TO TRY *THIS* STUNT.

OH, I FIGURE THE UPDRAFT FROM THE FIRE WILL SLOW ME DOWN SOME...

IF I BURN TOO LONG, MY OL' *MUTANT HEALIN' FACTOR* MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO KEEP UP WITH THE DAMAGE.

WE *CANNAE* ALLOW THE *GUIDANCE SYSTEM* TO BE DESTROYED, BRIAN--!

--EVEN IF WE HAVE TO STEER *OUR-SELVES* INTO THE BURNING AIRSHIP!

...*NO!* WE'RE THE *HIGH COUNCIL*, MOIRA! IT'S OUR *DUTY* TO PRESERVE OURSELVES FOR THE GOOD OF *MAN-KIND!*

SMART MOVE.

YOUR SELF-LESSNESS NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME, BRADDOCK! WHAT ABOUT A CON-CENTRATION OF *LASER FIRE*--?

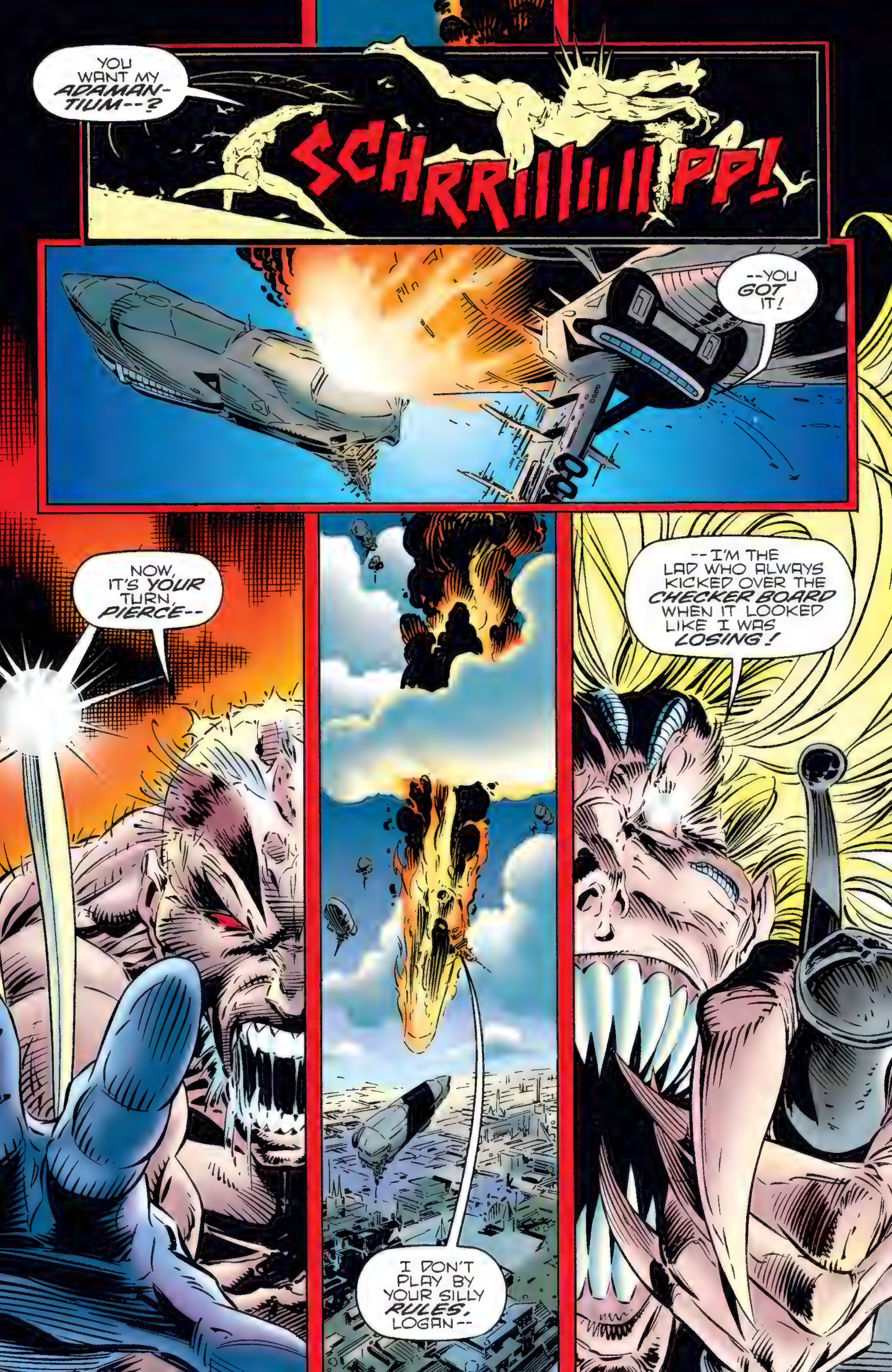
...*DON'T SHOOT*--!

SHOULD'VE THOUGHT O' THAT *BEFORE* JUMPIN'.

LOGAN JUST JUMPED DOWN ONTO THAT *AIRSHIP*...

"...HE'S GOING TO TRY TO STOP THE TERRORISTS BEFORE THEY GET TO THE OTHER AIRSHIPS!"
THESE TWO ARE STILL ALIVE, PIERCE! SHOULD I POP THEIR LITTLE HEADS OFF?
--WHEN WE GET CLOSE ENOUGH, WE SHALL BOARD THE GUIDANCE DIRIGIBLE AND UTTERLY DESTROY THEIR FILTHY EURASIAN DEVICE!
LEAVE THEM TO ME, CLEGG--
--I WANT THE KILLING RUSH FOR MYSELF!
EEEEY4444A!
RRRIP!
SKRONK!
SKREEE!
--WHAT'S THAT NOISE ABOVE US? COULD THIS SHIP BE BREAKING UP ALREADY?

SKREEEEEK
OH MY GOODNESS! IT'S THAT DIMINUTIVE RENEGADE MUTANT-- WEAPON X-TRA SHORT!
COME TO SAVAGE MY KNEECAPS, HAVE YOU, TURNCOAT?
YOU'RE DEAD MEAT, PIERCE!
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S BETRAYED HIS RACE AND HIS DESTINY, LOGAN!
SIC HIM, MY PRETTY BOYS!
EEEHAAA!
I WANT HIS CLAWS FOR A NECKLACE--


YOU WANT MY ADAMANTIUM--?
SCHRRIIIIIIPP!
--YOU GOT IT!
NOW, IT'S YOUR TURN, PIERCE--
I DON'T PLAY BY YOUR SILLY RULES, LOGAN--
--I'M THE LAD WHO ALWAYS KICKED OVER THE CHECKER BOARD WHEN IT LOOKED LIKE I WAS LOSING!

BA-THOOM!

YOUR HIRSUTE LITTLE PALADIN HAS *FAILED*, MARIKO--

--HE *ALLOWED* THOSE AGENTS OF *APOCALYPSE* TO *FOIL* OUR ONE CHANCE AT A *FIRST STRIKE!*

AT LEAST HE MADE THE *ATTEMPT*, BRADDOCK--

THERE'S SOMEONE *WALKING OUT* OF THAT INFERNO!

IS IT *POSSIBLE*?

.....

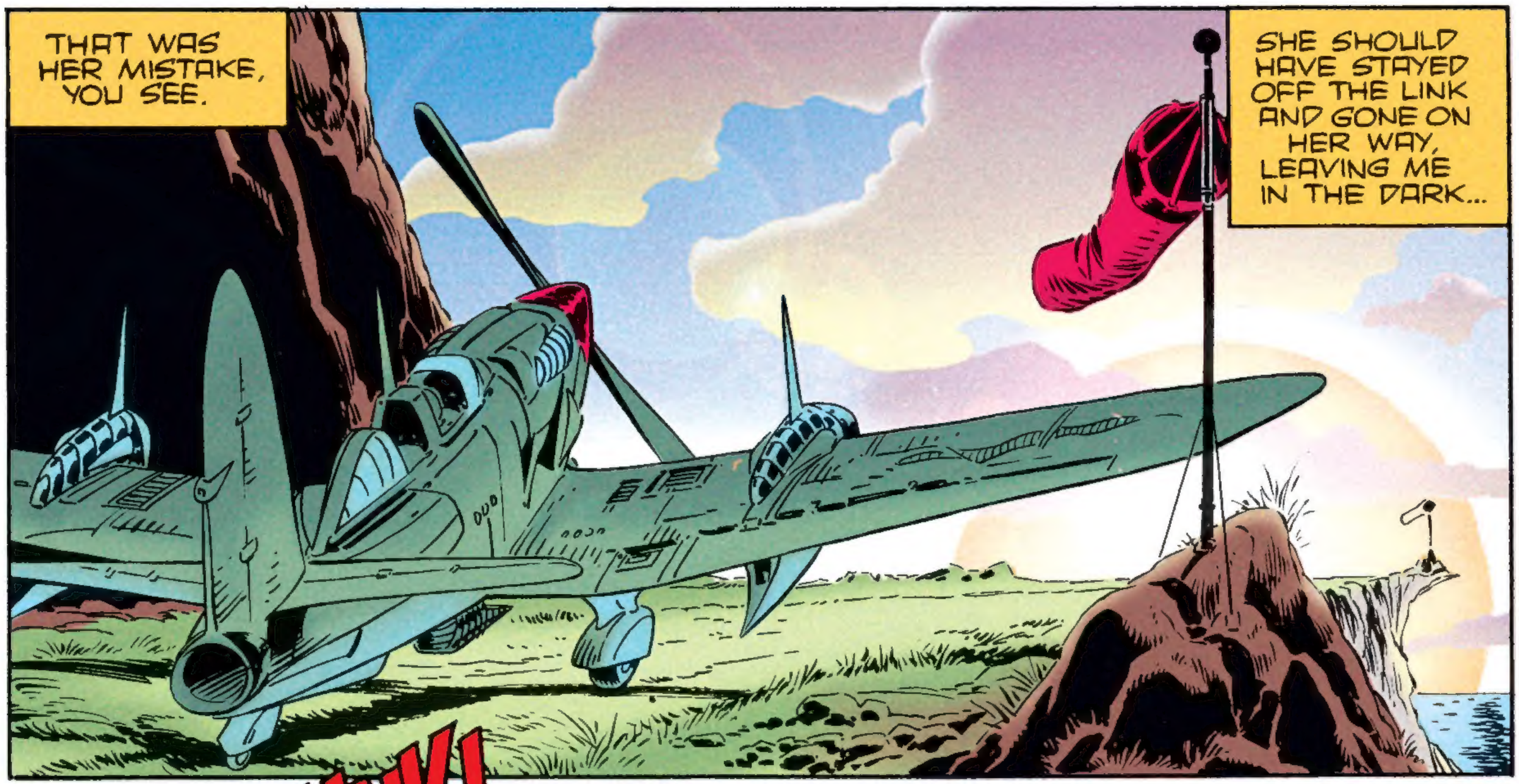
I COULD'VE LET MYSELF BURN BRIGHT LIKE BLAKE'S TIGER.

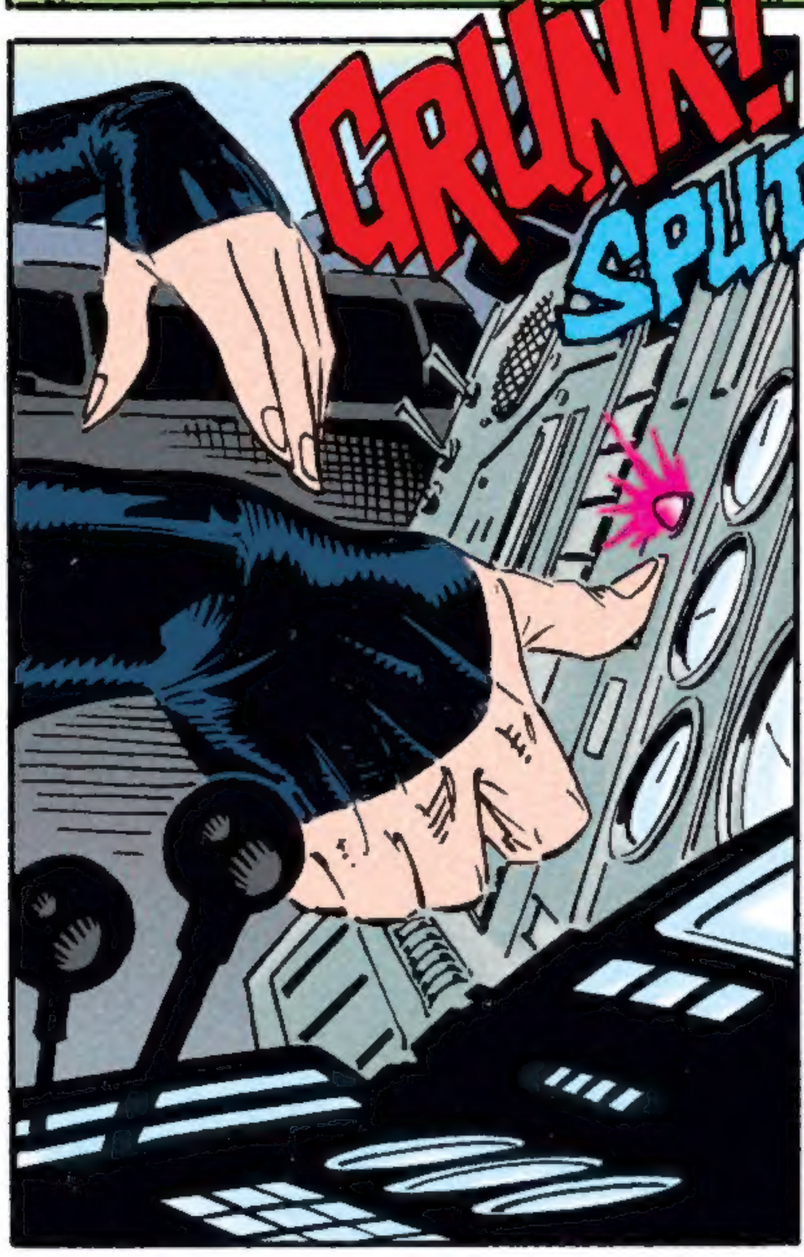
BUT I HEARD A SIREN CALL ON THE PSI-LINK.

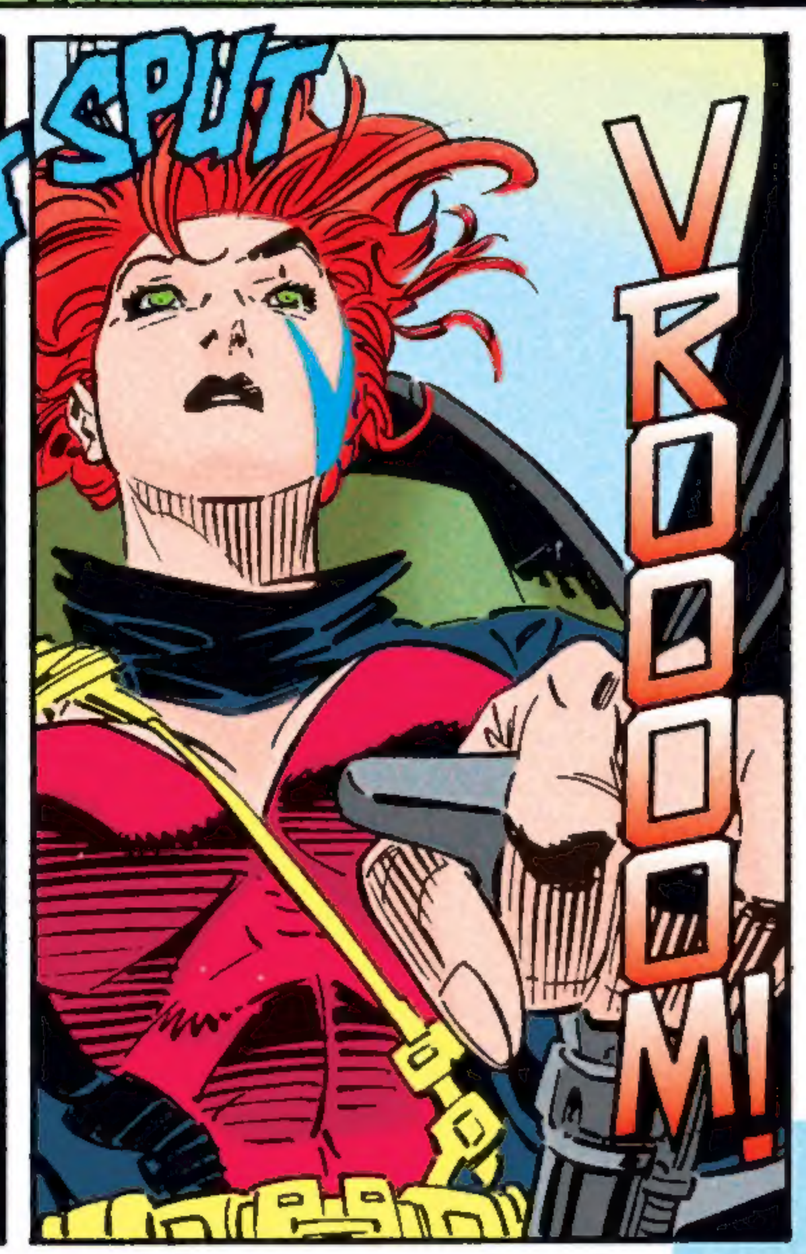
IT WAS THE VOICE THAT SINGS THE ANTHEM OF MY SOUL...

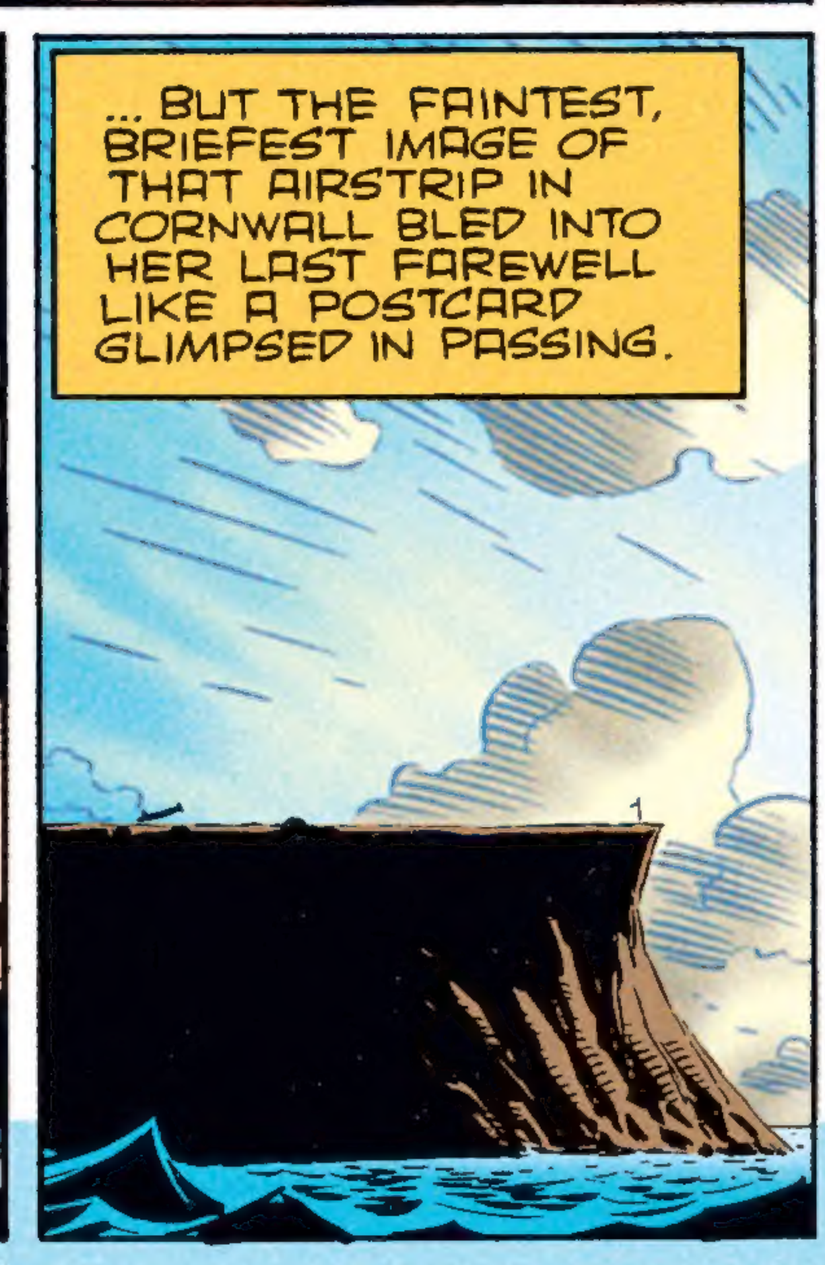
... AND SHE WAS SAYING "GOOD-BYE".

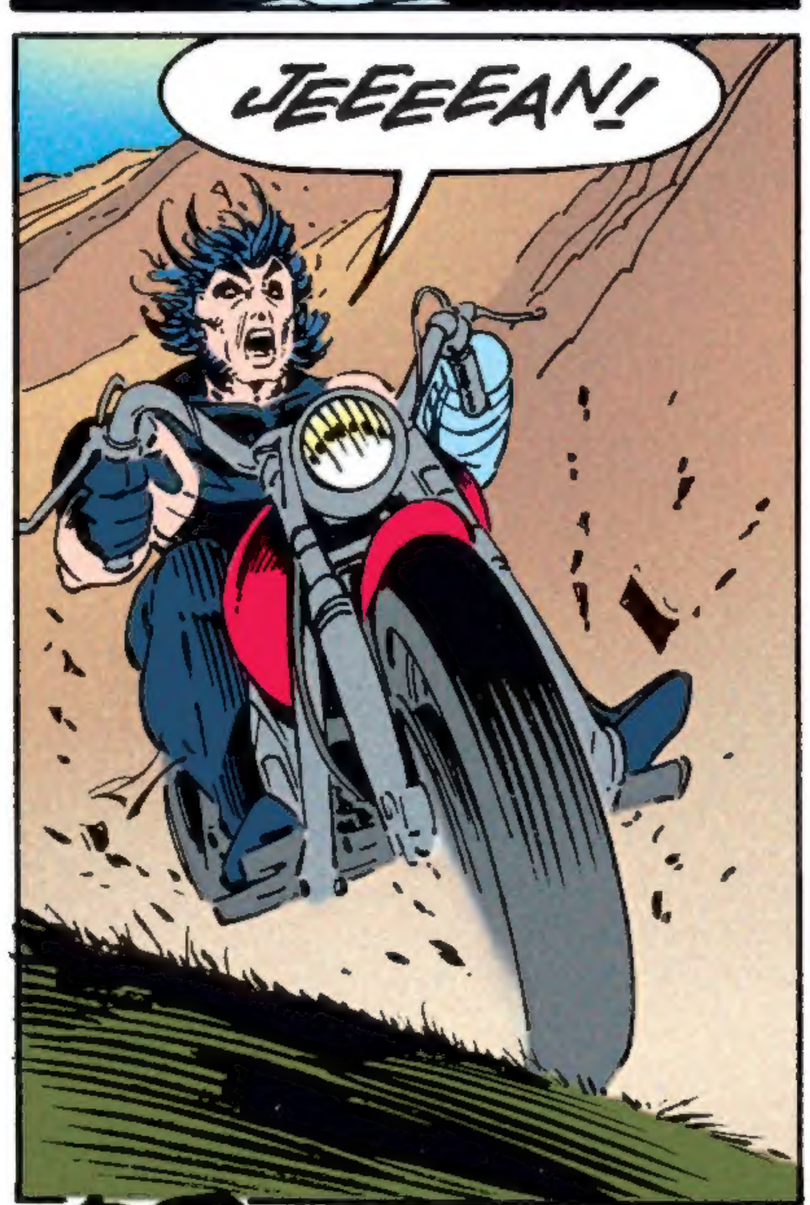
JEAN!!


THAT WAS HER MISTAKE, YOU SEE.
SHE SHOULD HAVE STAYED OFF THE LINK AND GONE ON HER WAY, LEAVING ME IN THE DARK...


GRUNK!
SPUT
SPUT


VROOM!

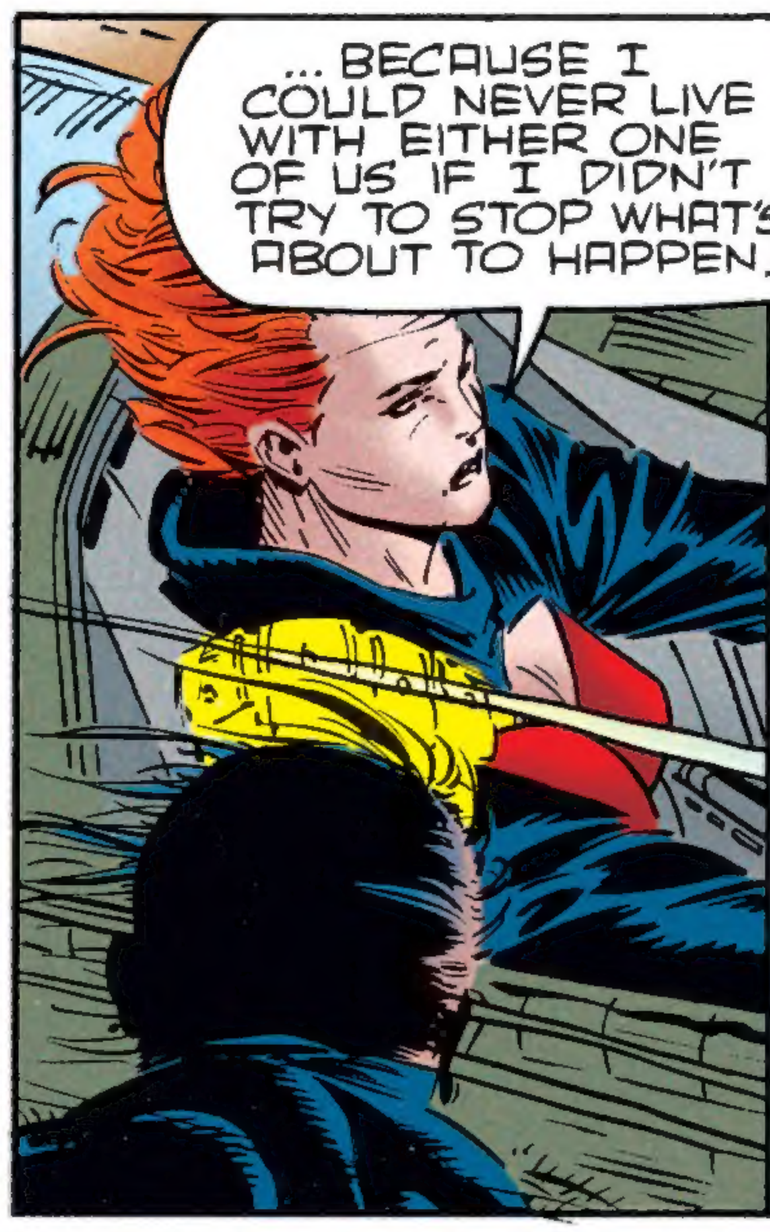

... BUT THE FAINTEST, BRIEFEST IMAGE OF THAT AIRSTRIP IN CORNWALL BLED INTO HER LAST FAREWELL LIKE A POSTCARD GLIMPSED IN PASSING.


JEEEEAN!

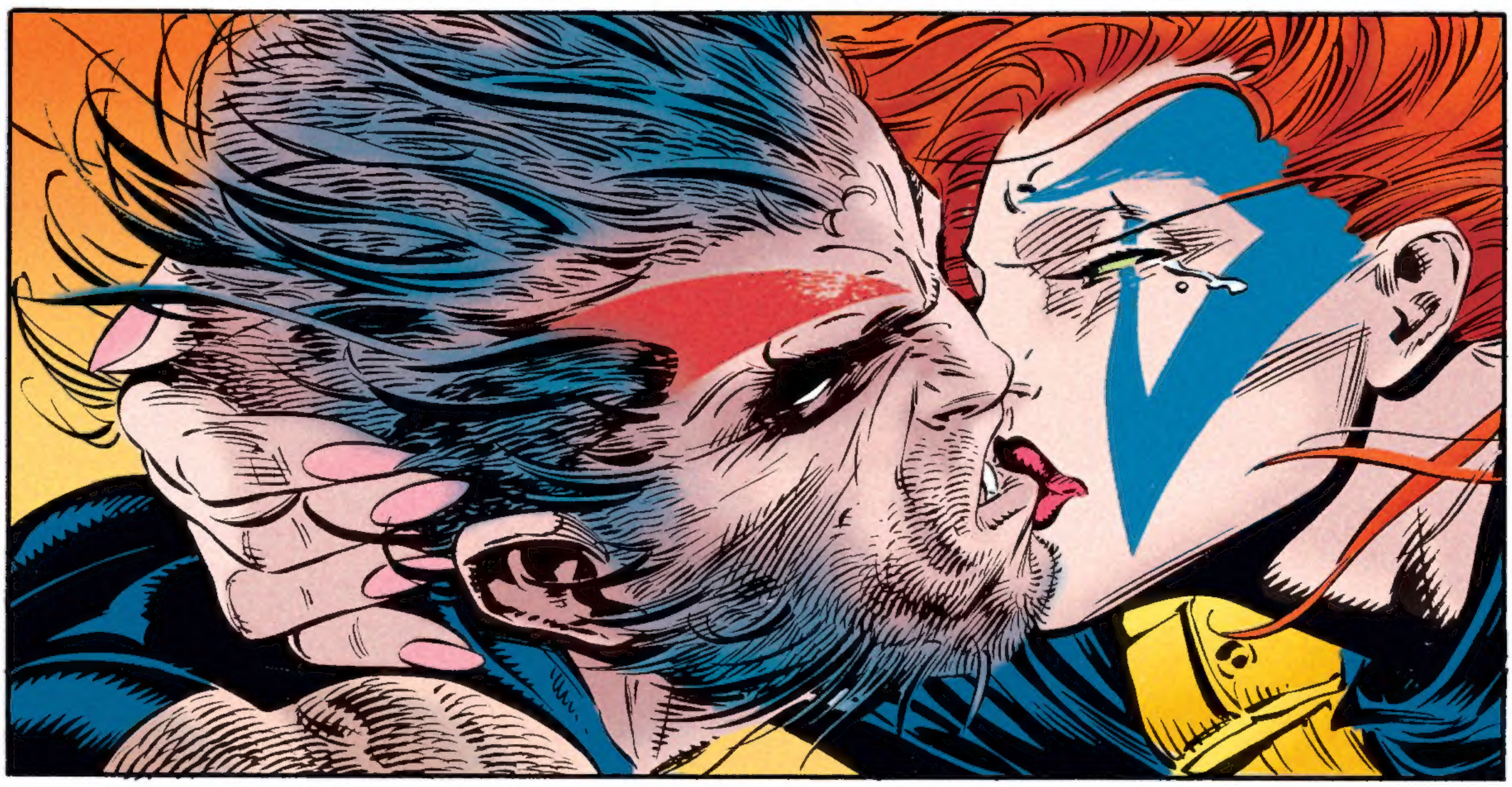
I CAN'T LET YA LEAVE, RED--

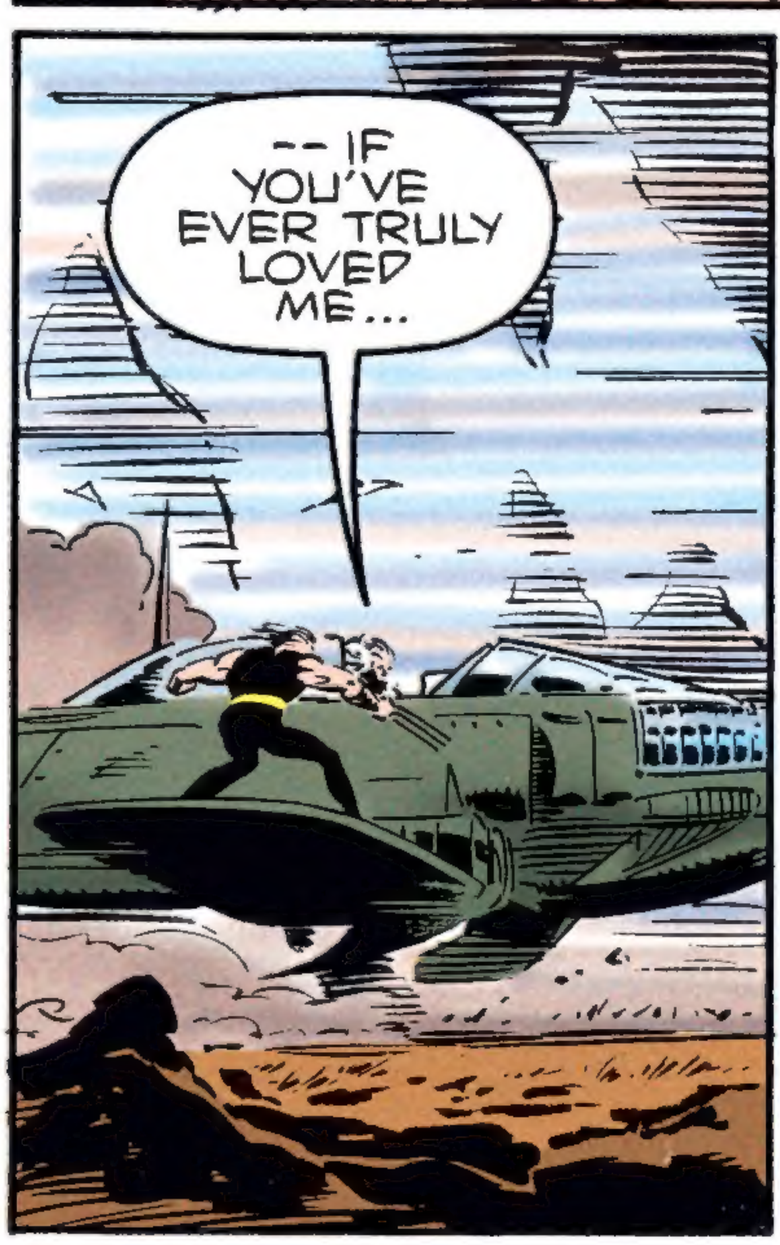
--I CAN'T LET YA GO BACK TO THE STATES TO WARN 'EM ABOUT WHAT'S COMIN'--

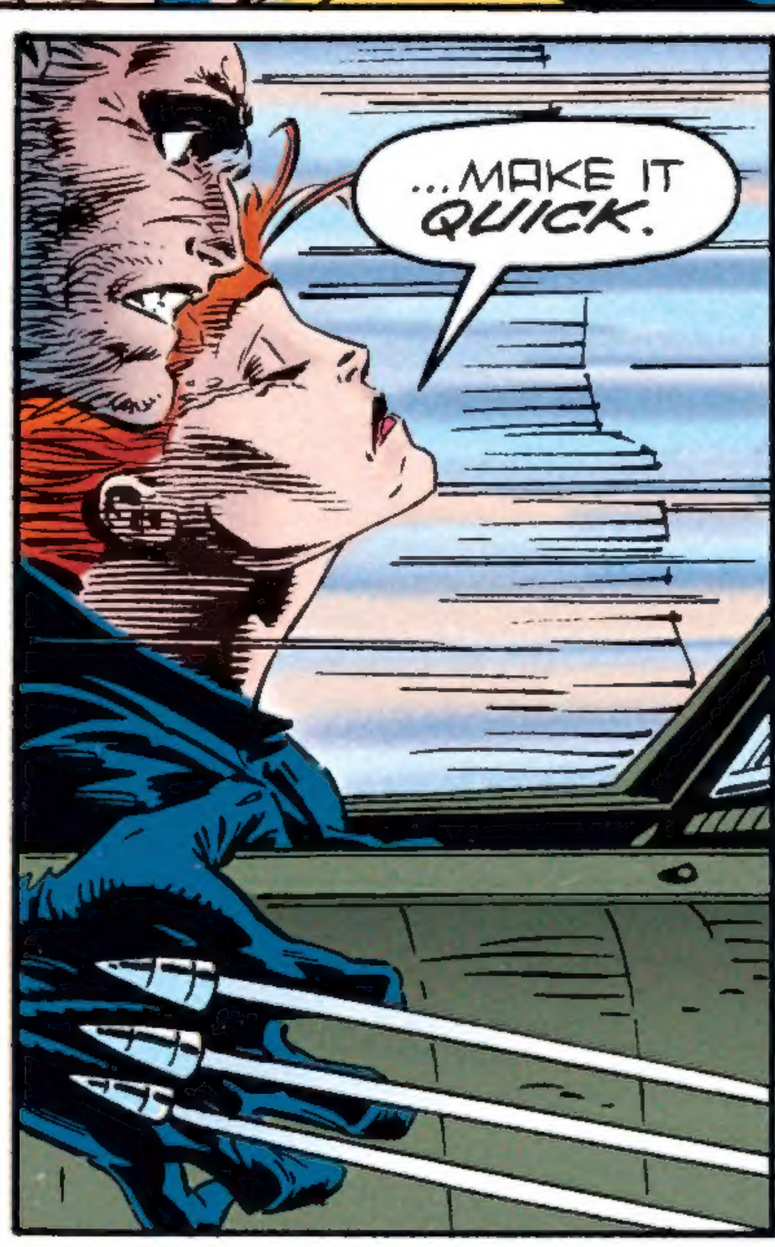
I CAN'T--
THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO STOP ME LOGAN...

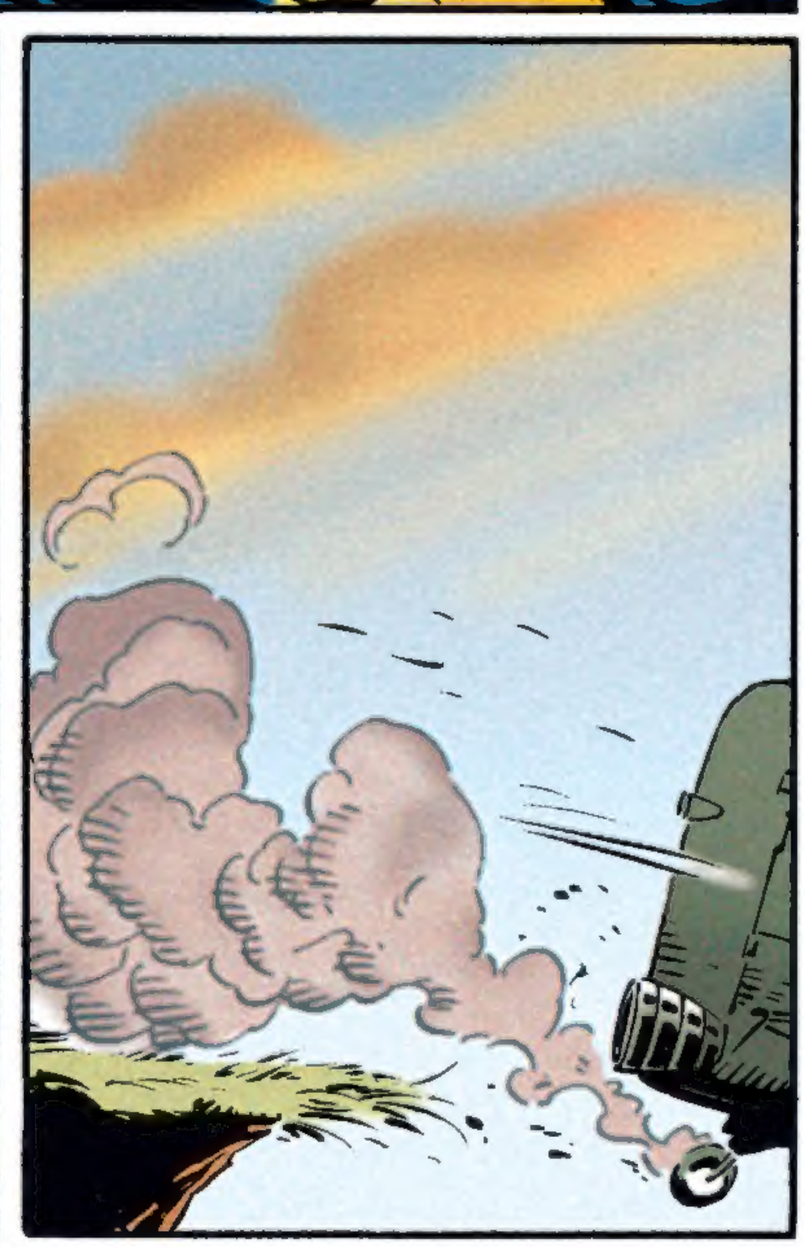

... BECAUSE I COULD NEVER LIVE WITH EITHER ONE OF US IF I DIDN'T TRY TO STOP WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN!

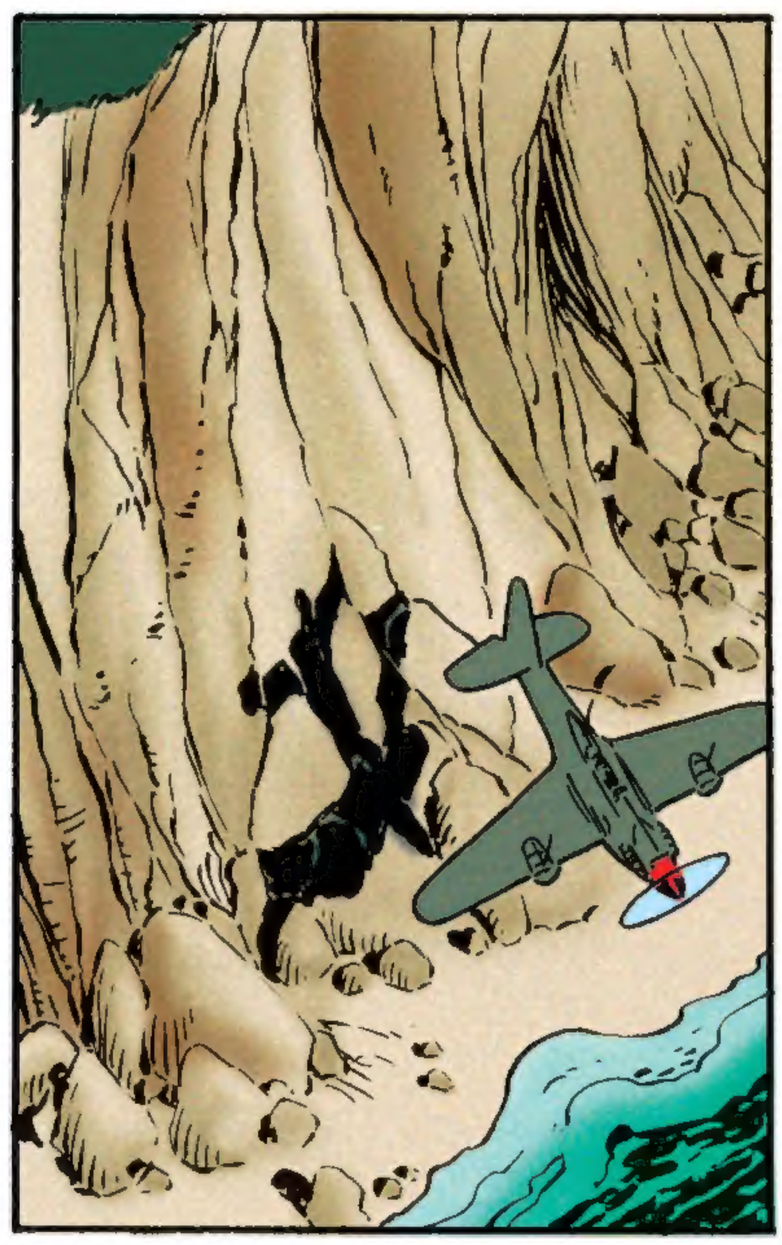
LOGAN--

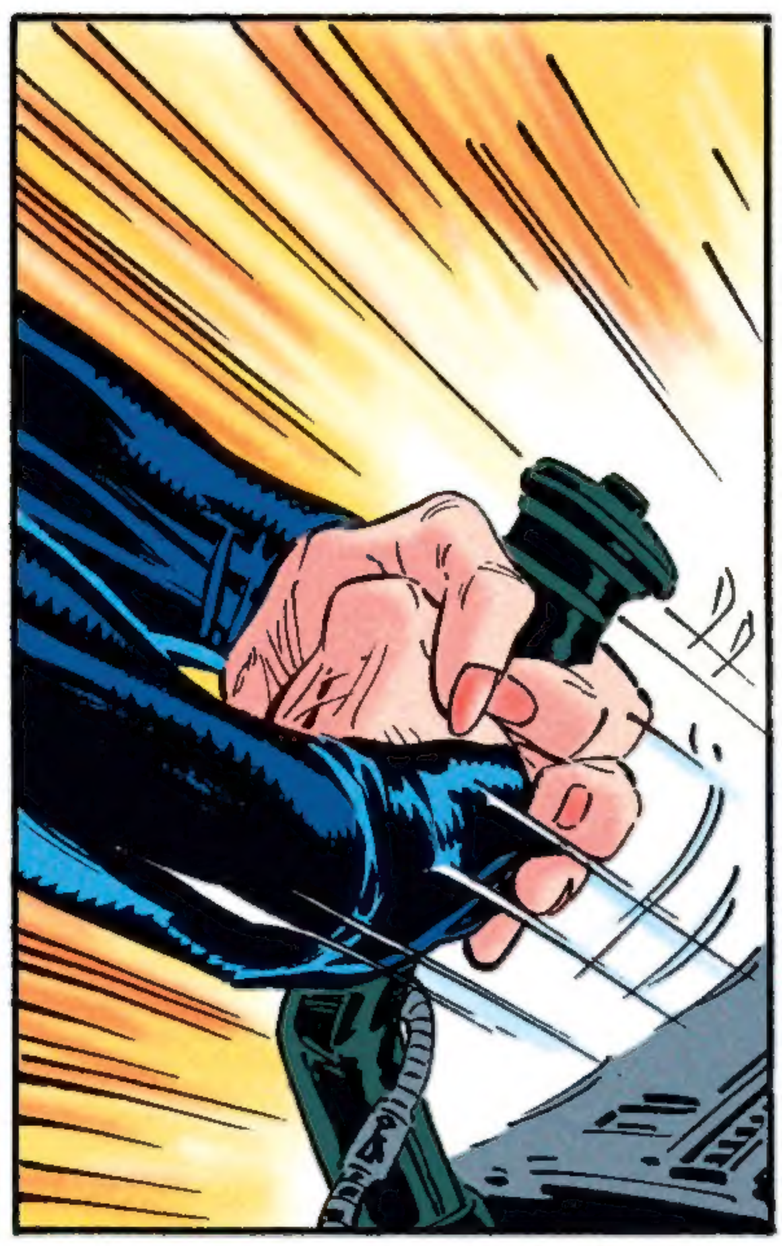


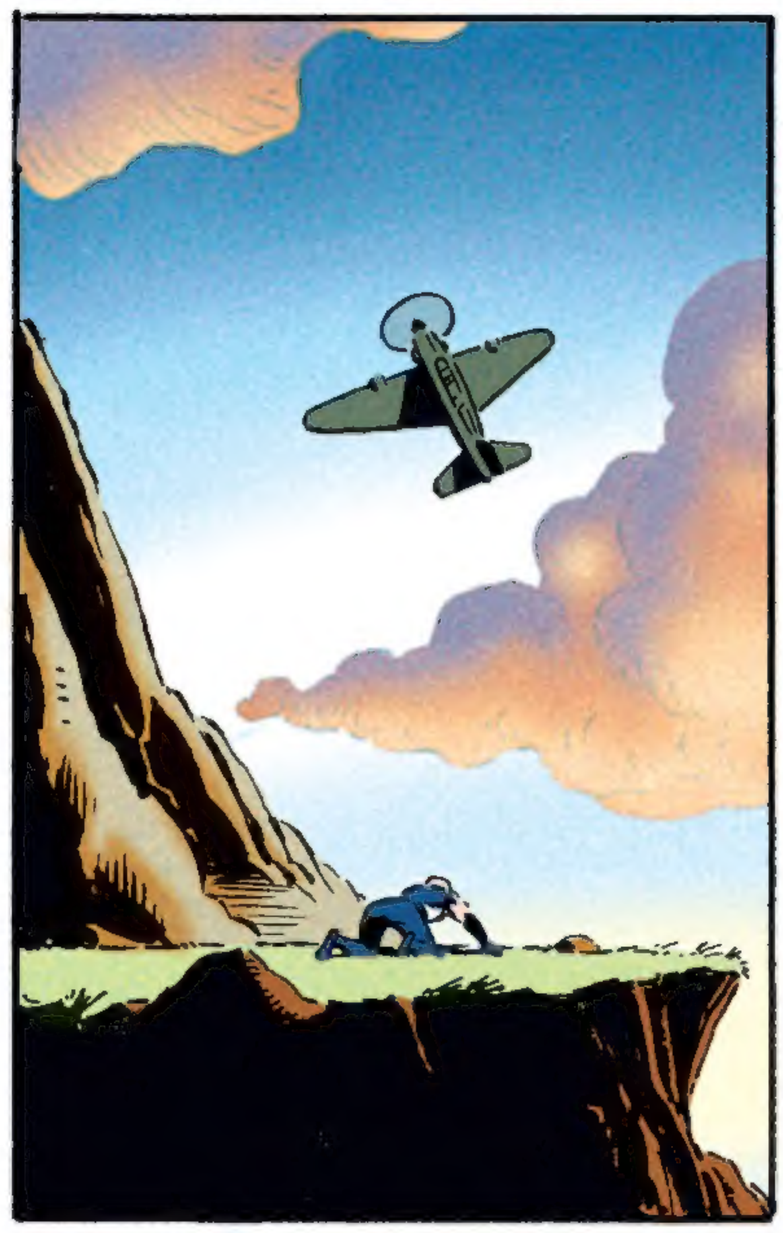

-- IF YOU'VE EVER TRULY LOVED ME...

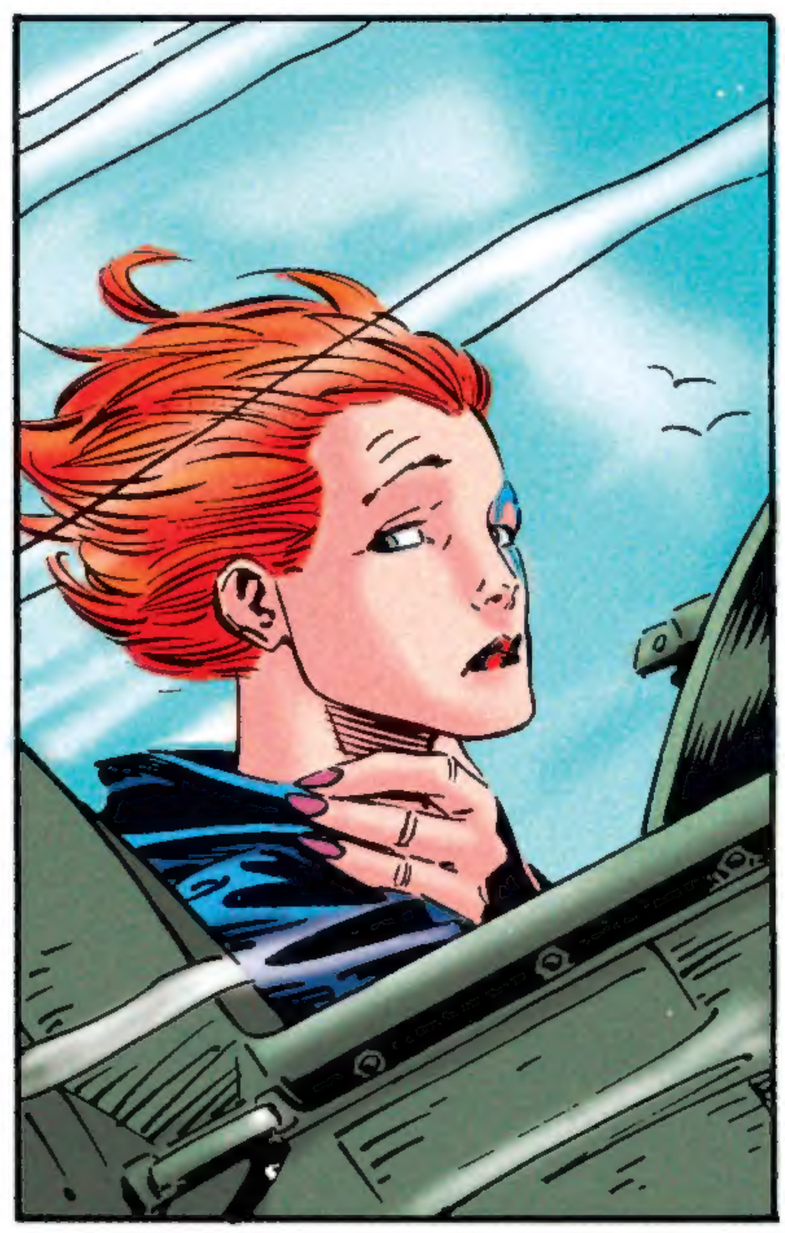

...MAKE IT QUICK.

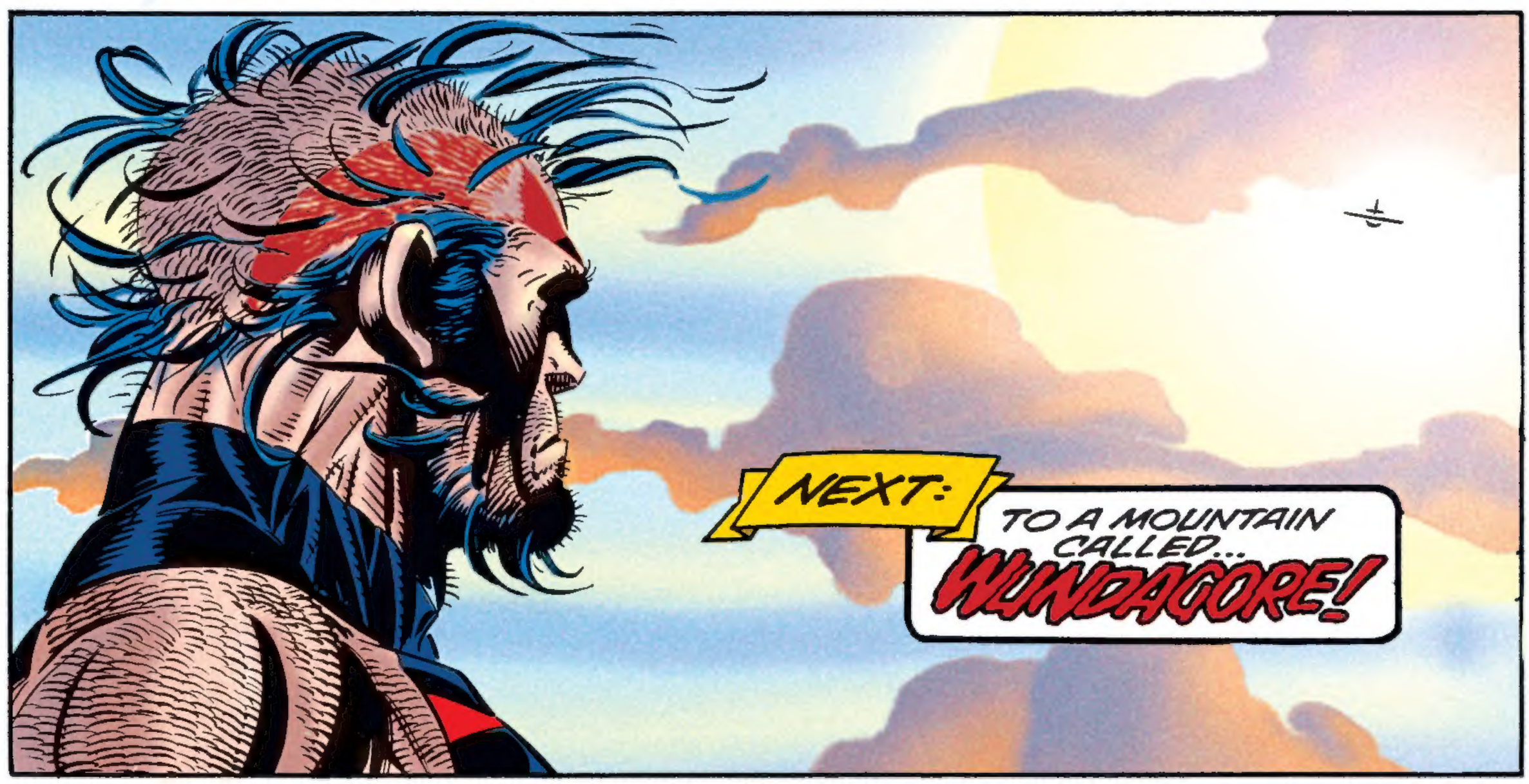











NEXT:
TO A MOUNTAIN CALLED...
WUNDAGORE!

E
E
M
R
P
I
ZOMPIE